THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXVI :No 26— E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. $1.50 per year in advance

Historical Society c

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, MAY 24th, 1927.

Be Sure To Say

"SALADA"

GREEN TEA

T71

It is by far the most delicious. Ask for it.

FOR SALE—One hundred acre farm, five miles from Picton on county road, close to church, school and cheese factory. Good buildings, good land, spring watered pasture, about six acres of wood. Price reasonable. Apply to IRVIN UNGER, Elmbrook. Ont. 45-tf

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Interior and Exterior Decorating, Paper Hanging and Graining.

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For Fire Insurance try ALFRED McCUTCHEON, Roblin.

A number of compaines to choose from.

Office : Residence, Roblin, Main Street. 27-tf

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T. H. WIGGINS, O.L.S.

Ontario Land Surveyor. Municipal Engineering. Drainage Engineering. Subdivisions, Plans, Etc.

NAPANEE, ONT.

John Street, South of Paisley House.

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15tf

THE

Belleville Nurseries!

—for—

ROSES

All kinds of Roses ready now.

Plant early for best results

W. C. REID,

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14

MILLINERY

25 Ladies' and Misses' Hats

Silk, Straw, Silk and Straw Combinations—all shades including Black—a special purchase.

Values $4.00 to $5.50

SALE PRICE $1.50 & $2.90

Scarfs

Crepe de Chene, Georgette and Silk in new designs

$1.50, $2.50, and $3.75

Hosiery

Ask to see our Green Stripe Silk Stockings.

DOXSEE & CO.

The Leading Millinery House

Dress Up

For Newburgh Field Day

JUNE 3rd

New Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes

New Suits and Slickers

Trousers with Black Cuff Bottoms

W.W.ADAMS

Merchant Tailor. Men's and Boys' Wear

Newburgh, - Ont.

Rum, Honey and Tamarac Balsam is the best preparation we know of for stubborn coughs and colds. 35c. a bottle at Wallace's.

FOR SALE—Rubber tired buggy. PAUL'S GARAGE.

FOR SALE—Family driving mare, suitable for third horse. PAUL'S GARAGE.

FOR SALE— General purpose mare in foal PAUL'S GARAGE.

WANTED— Cattle to pasture. Apply CLARENCE SHERMAN, R. R. No. 3, Napanee. 23-dp

FOR SALE—Shortening, 2 lbs. for 25c. Come and get it in any quantity you wish. Now! FRANK H. PERRY, Phone 130.

FOR SALE—Incubator, writing desk, piano box, small box stove. Apply to the VANKAGE. 26-a

WANTED—A spot cash bargain in house and lot. Any good location in town. Price between $1500 and $2500. Box 630, Napanee.

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee. Ont. 6-tf

FOR SALE—Southeast quarter of Lot Number eight, in the fourth concession of Richmond, owned by Percy Snyder, 50 acres. Known as part Nelson Russell Farm. Apply to T. B. GERMAN, Napanee, Ont. 43

EARN $25 WEEKLY up, at home clipping newspapers and addressing envelopes No canvassing. Everything furnished. Spare or full time. Particulars for stamp. GILLIES MAILING SERVICE, Box 8, Sydney, Nova Scotia. 25-bp

FOR SALE—Medium sized, two storey brick dwelling on East street. Electric lights, furnace and waterworks. Large barn and stable. Geed well at door. Also good building lot adjoining. Will sell at a bargain. Apply to PAUL'S GARAGE, Dundas street, Napanee. Phone 198.

FOR SALE—Mohair Chesterfield, suite of reversible cushions; solid Walnut breakfast suite; Wilton rug, 7 ft., 6 in. x 9 ft.; mantel mirror; piano lamp; electric stove; also all articles entirely new, purchased within last six months and of the best quality available. Box 278, Napanee. 26-ap

REAL ESTATE.

Have for sale three good 50-acre farms in good localities. Several houses in Town at reasonable prices.

Three large farms, partly equipped, if desired.

Several 10-acre farms, well improved.

Have a farm to exchange for Town residence.

Wanted a medium sized house to rent.

320 acres partly improved Western land to sell or exchange.

T. H. WIGGINS,
John Street, South of Paisley House.

REAL ESTATE

John Thompson farm, Roblindale station, about 110 acres; A. W. Graham, 14 acres, good house and buildings, Slash Road; W. H. Miller farm, 194 acres, 11 miles from Napanee, River Road; Madden property, Napanee, 50 acres; Clayton Garrison farm, 150 acres, 3 miles from Napanee, on Kingston highway; Archibald Denison farm, Selby; Mrs. J. A. Parks, good house, 13 acres land, in town; 2 good residences.

JOHN WILSON,
Napanee.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the estate of John Edward Griffith.

NOTICE IS given that persons having claims against the estate of John Edward Griffith, farmer, late of the Township of South Fredericksburgh, in the County of Lennox and Addington, who died March 16th, 1924, at the said Township of South Fredericksburgh, are required to send by post prepaid or deliver their claims to the undersigned on or before July 2nd, 1927. After the said date the Administratrix will distribute the assets of the deceased among those entitled, having regard only to those claims of which they shall have notice.

McGIVERIN, HAYDON & EBBS,
19 Elgin St., Ottawa.
Solicitors for the Administratrix.
Ottawa, May 20th, 1927. 26-c

A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

OBITUARY

MRS. NANCY DINGMAN.

Far over the hills, with a smile on her face, Mrs. Ding Dingman slipped away home when God's finger touched her and she slept.

Born in North Fredericksburgh of U.E.L. parentage, Nancy Woodcock lived her life in the Bethany neighborhood. Her mother was lovingly known as Aunt Allie and lived to serve for nearly 100 years. One cannot speak too highly of her parents and brothers, as they were one of the best families, considered from every desirable viewpoint, that has blessed this community by making their home here.

Miss Woodcock was true to her bringing-up and lived a life of unusual helpfulness in the community and church. Being of a very optimistic temperament, she never was a fault finder, but saw the bright side of everything and the good in everyone.

In her 52nd year she married Manson Dingman and enjoyed eighteen years of married life. Mr. Dingman predeceased her in 1904. Mrs. Dingman lived on with us through the years, always cheerful, always helpful and beloved by all who knew her.

On March 13th last, she celebrated her 92nd birthday in the best of health for one of her age; but for the last six weeks or so it was evident that the end was drawing near and at the noon hour on Friday, May 20th, she passed quietly away.

The funeral service was held at Bethany church on Sunday, May 22nd, and was attended by the many friends and neighbors who had known and appreciated her worth throughout her long and useful life. The members of the Ladies' Aid Society sat as mourners. After the service interment took place beside her husband in Bethany cemetery, North Fredericksburgh.

MRS. (REV.) W. H. COOK.

Another link with the early days of Toronto and Methodism in Ontario has been broken in the death of Mrs. Charlotte Dew Cook, who was born in 1837, Her father, John Dew, Sr., lived at that time on an estate at the corner of Yonge St. and St. Clair Avenue, Toronto. After attending Normal School she married Wm. H. Cook, who for many years was a minister of the Methodist Church, ordained at Montreal in 1872 by the Rev. Wm. Punshon. Their first field of labor was at the north end of this County, Denbigh, Venachar, Mattawachan and Pleyna. Afterwards she lived at Marmora, Mons, Hillsdale, Coboconk, Selby. Mr. Cook was at Selby at the time of the big fire. The present church at Selby was repaired during his pastorate. There are many still living at Selby who remember Mrs. Cook's work as a Sunday School teacher. After Selby, she lived at Sidney, Rawdon, Cavan, Cressy, Hallinrton and Coboconk, at which place in 1902 Mr. Cook superannuated. After his death in 1909 she lived with her daughter, Mrs. (Rev. T. H. P. Anderson, until five years ago, when she left Selby to make her home in Toronto. This Godly woman fell asleep in Christ March 15th. The funeral service, held at her home, 722 Spadina Ave., was conducted by the Rev. B. W. Thompson, M.A., assisted by Rev. C. W Follett. The memory of a good mother will be a benediction to her children, Mrs. E. B. Leroy, Mrs. Bertha McCallum, Miss Dr. H. E. Cook, of Toronto; Mrs. S. W. Lloyn, Bufalo; Rev. (Rev.) T. H. P. Anderson, Newburgh; Dr W. J. Cook, Sudbury and Harold E. Cook, of Rochester. Interment was in Forest Lawn, St. Catherines.

"When the soul subdued by toil
to slumber,
It's closin geyes look up to Thee
in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath Thy
wings o'er shading,
But sweeter still to wake and find
Thee there.

So shall it be at last in that bright
morning
When the soul waketh and life's
shadows flee;
O in that hour, fairer than day-
light dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought—
I am with Thee."

Cement !

A full car of Portland cement now in. Let us supply you.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

DENBIGH.

Russell Ball, a son of Mr and Mrs. Simon Ball, who had left his native home here and taken up farming in Saskatchewan, was suddenly taken sick and passed away on the 11th inst. His remains arrived here last Sunday and were committed to his last resting place on Tuesday. His early departure is mourned by his sorrowing parents, sister Mae, of Cleveland, Ohio, brother Clarkans, of Gowganda, Ont., and George, of Bobcagon, Ont., sister Lucy and brothers Arthur and Pat at home.

Last Saturday, Mrs. R. W. Connor, of Venachar, also passed away after a long, serious illness, at the age of eighty years. She was highly esteemed by all who knew her, and her departure is mourned by her sorrowing husband, numerous relatives and many friends.

Mrs. A. Stein and son, Albert, of Selby, spent a bout a week here visiting her mother, Mrs. Chatson, and other relatives.

Miss Martha Stein, of Regina, Sask., is after an absence of four years, paying a visit to her old home and to her other numerous relatives here.

Mrs. Herbert Warlich is making an extended visit to her relatives in Ottawa.

Mr. Carl Rogers, of Napanee, is spending his vacation with his parents at his home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Brendt, of Winnipeg, have arrived on a visit to his parents and friends.

Mr. Wm. Both, of Ore Chimney Mine, is on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Both.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the estate of David Embury Griffith.

NOTICE IS given that persons having claims against the estate of David Embury Griffith, farmer, late of the Township of South Fredericksburgh, in the County of Lennox and Addington, who died December 29th, 1913, at the said Township of South Fredericksburgh, are required to send full particulars of their claims to the undersigned on or before July 2nd, 1927. After the said date the Administratrix will distribute the assets of the deceased among those entitled, having regard only to those claims of which they shall have notice.

McGIVERIN, HAYDON & EBBS,
19 Elgin St., Ottawa.
Solicitors for the Administratrix.
Ottawa, May 20th, 1927. 26-c

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the Estate of Phoebe Ann Baker, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given, pursuant to Chapter 121 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, Section 56, and amending Acts, that all persons having claims against the estate of Phoebe Ann Baker, late of the Town of Napanee, in the County of Lennox and Addington, widow, deceased, are required to deliver or send to the undersigned on or before the 3rd day of June, A.D., 1927, full particulars of their claims duly verified.

And further take notice that after the said 3rd day of June, A.D. 1927, the Executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate and shall not be liable to any person of whose claims he shall not have received notice at the time of the distribution thereof.

MAX FOX, Executor.
24-c

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Estate of Mary Pringle HOSEY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given, pursuant to Chapter 121 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1914, Section 56, and amending Acts, that all persons having any claims against the estate of Mary Pringle Hosey, late of the town of Napanee, in the County of Lennox and Addington, widow, deceased, are required to deliver or send to the undersigned on or before the 25th day of May, A.D., 1927, full particulars of their claims, duly verified.

And further take notice that after the said 25th day of May, A.D., 1927, the Administrator will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate, and shall not be liable to any person of whose claims he shall not have received notice at the time of the distribution hereof.

U. M. WILSON,
Solicitor for the said Estate.

Dated this 27th day of April, 1927
23-d

Centre of Canada's Confederation Celebration

The loyalty of Sir George Etienne Cartier was the subject of a very interesting article which appeared in a Montreal newspaper, over half a century ago, under the name of Mr. Arthur Dansereau.

This article, on one of the Fathers of Confederation, will be read with special interest now, when preparations are being made to celebrate the jubilee of the Canadian Confederation :—

"As all know, the whole life of Cartier was an exhibition of loyalty towards the British Crown and to fraternity between races. His first political speech, made on September 24, 1841, sounds the note which rang the same to the end of his career.

"The events of 1837 have, he said, been badly interpreted. The aim of the people was rather to remain powerless the oppressive minority which sought to use the government to its own ends than to bring about a separation of the province from the Mother Country.....Responsibility for the unfortunate events of 1837 has rather on the head of those who directed public opinion at this time. M. Viger was one of those and with the influence he had, he should have advised his fellow-countrymen.'

It was with the same spirit of loyalty that, nineteen years later, when his government was beaten on the Marine Bill that Cartier, on August 3, 1863, said to the electors of Welland :

"By the introduction of our Militia Bill, we showed what price we attach to our union with Great Britain. We sought to show England that we cherished the British union."

Cartier passed his whole life in identifying the province of Quebec with British sentiment, in the midst of which her development was to take place. With indomitable energy, he fought against the tendency of his race to complain against all that was English and to remain aloof. Almost a century of imperial pettiness, of bureaucratic persecutions, had moulded the spirit of French Canadians into a form of resistance to English influence. Lafontaine began the work of regeneration ; Cartier had to finish it. He had to convince his fellow-countrymen that they were citizens like others, acceptable like others to the Empire. When Confederation was suddenly announced, defiance had not disappeared from among the people.

In the province of Quebec there was a feverish moment of hesitation. It might even be said that the best friends of Cartier, seized with fear, broke their allegiance and abandoned him. An indecisive public opinion was steadied however, some time after, by an article which appeared in "La Minerva, of which Cartier was the immediate inspiration, if not the author, an article which simply said to his compatriots ;

"The province of Quebec has no right to obstruct the march of political events and to block a great idea. If she does it, that is over with her. She will fall again into the struggles of 1837 with this difference ; she will no longer have to contend with English emissaries, but with her own countrymen of other races, who will never forgive her for her obstinacy.

"The glory of our nationality does not lie in isolation. It lies in struggle and combat—struggles formerly with arms against despotism and tyrahny, generous struggle in defence of the flag of our mother country—to-day peaceful struggles that she may take her place in the world of affairs by the side of her rivals and dispute with them, if possible, the better position. It is hers to struggle—this nationality which has had to overcome so many obstacles, support so many miseries and fight so many battles against monopoly and tyranny that it might carve out for itself an honourable path by the side of foreign races.

"Confederation will extend our horizon, but at the same time, it will bring to our private life, to our family life, elements of happiness and joy which have been denied to it up to now. It will make us free and masters of our own house in the administration of our own special patrimony."

LEAFS AGAIN WIN BY BIG MARGIN

"B" COMPANY BOYS LOSE

The fast travelling Leafs are finding it increasingly difficult to find foemen worthy of their steel, as was evidenced last Tuesday evening in the Armouries, when the local girls had everything their own way, winning from the girls' team representing the Canadian Industrial Alcohol Corporation, by the one-sided score of 35-12.

The team from Corbyville has been playing good ball in Belleville, and have been able to defeat teams which have beaten the Leafs in the past, but they could not get going here at all. It was the first time that they had ever been outclassed, but they could do nothing right at all, many errors being made, which could hardly be blamed on their strange surroundings. The game was a repitition of the game the previous week against the Deseos, for the locals secured a commanding lead in the first inning and were never again in any danger. Dorothy Johnston started the pitching and with the score 21 to one in her favour, eased up and lobbed the ball across to give the fielders some practice. Hazel O'Neill then took her turn in the box and struck out three batters in a row. Corbyville girls could not solve her delivery at all, swinging too fast for her slow ball and too slow for her fast one.

Corbyville were a player short when they arrived, so rather than play eight to a side, the manager offered them a player for whatever position they needed. They asked for a third baseman and Irene Embury, who had been scheduled to play in that position for Napanee, was given them. She was unfortunate enough to be on the receiving end of no less than eight wild throws, so she did not show to advantage, but at that she was probably the best on the Corbeville line-up.

Napanee girls have been paying particular attention to their batting lately, and have found no difficulty in batting anything that has been offered them in the last three games, gathering the tremendous total of eighty-three runs in that time. But while they are endeavouring to increase their offensive strength, they pay strict attention to their defence as well, and it is really a treat to watch them field their positions. The only bad error made against Corbyville was a wild throw by a substitute outfielder. The pitchers are going strong. Although the big, heavy visitors are renowned batters at home, Dorothy Johnston held them to one run in three innings, until her lead allowed her to ease up, and when Hazel O'Neill was given a chance she struck out three batters in order. This pitcher is developing excellent control, seldom, if ever, grooving the ball, but cutting the outside and inside of the plate alternately.

We are sorry to announce that Lillian Wagar, the Deseronto star, was unfortunate to suffer an injured ankle practising in Deseronto last week. The other players for the Leafs from Deseronto, have however, completed their annual certificates, and returned them signed, to the manager.

No more games will be arranged with the Belleville city League teams. The management is very anxious to provide a contest for the fans, and the last two games have been mere walk-aways. The next teams to appear will likely be some of the Kingston teams, who seem to be in better class, as players, than the city League of Belleville.

The local boys were as badly off their game as the visiting girls and were defeated by 30-10. They have not practiced for months, and that is what is needed on a ball team. Both teams were entertained in the club rooms after the games.

ODESSA.

The funeral of the late Sidney Silver was held from his son's home on May 12, at 2 o'clock. Rev. G. McQuade officiated. Mr. Silver had reached his seventy-seventh year.

Mrs. James Silver has returned from attending the funeral of her sister, Mrs. Singleton, of Watertown. The deceased was formerly Miss Kate Wiseman, and was born and brought up here, and will undoubtedly be remembered by many.

The I.O.O.F. annual memorial was held on Sunday afternoon last at St. Alban's Church. Rev. W. G. Swayne, the pastor, delivered an eloquent sermon for the occasion and the choir of St. John's Church, Bath, delighted the large congregation with choice selections.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Parrott, of Herkimer, N.Y., are guests of the latter's mother, Mrs. A. Gordon.

Miss Bernice Moore, of Watertown, is visiting her grand-parents Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Kilgannon.

Mrs. John Morrison is visiting her daughter, Mrs. John Graham, in Watertown, N.Y.

Does it pay to feed Dr. Hess' stock or poultry tonic ? Buy a pail of stock food and watch results. We guarantee it to pay for itself at least twice over, or money refunded. This applies when fed to cattle, horses or hogs. Full information at Wallace's, Napanee agents.

CROYDON.

At a recent meeting of the Women's Institute held in the Community Hall, the following officers were elected for the coming year ; President, Mrs. Peter Yesker ; vice-president, Mrs. Wm. Doupe ; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Bashford Close.

Mr. and Mrs. John Burns, Mr. Kenneth Burns, Mr. and Mrs. Manning, of Lockport, N.Y., and Mrs. Margaret Burns, of Rochester, N.Y., spent a few days visiting friends in and around Croydon.

NEWBURGH.

Mr. John Shorey, aged eighty-two years, passed away at Kingston on Sunday and the remains were brought to Newburgh and laid beside those of his wife, who predeceased him ten years ago, while they were residents of Newburgh. Mr. C. Noyes accompanied the remains to Newburgh.

Mr. Archie McNeely is recovering from his recent illness.

Mr. Frank Tompkins, with Mr. and Mrs. A. Tompkins, of Bath, are enjoying a motor trip through the northern part of New York.

Mrs. Robert Lockwood, of St. Thomas, passed away on Friday last and the remains were brought to Newburgh to the home of her brother-in-law, Mr. Fred Lockwood. A short service was held at the house, after which the remains were laid to rest in the Newburgh cemetery. Her husband Long and son and daughter, Napanee ; Capt. Amey and wife of Moscow ; Mrs. Summerville and son, of Odessa ; Mr. and Mrs. Boyce, Odessa ; Mr. and Mrs. Hilton and Mr. and Mrs. Fairbairn, of Camden East ; Mrs. McGill and daughter and Mr. Long, of Centreville.

Mr. Drake, of Napanee, has rented the bake-shop and has an up-to-date mixer installed, with Mr. Sayers, of Belleville, as baker.

Mr. B. W. Holden, tinsmith, has been engaged by the Newburgh Hardware Company and has removed his workroom to a place in the hardware store.

Mr. Roy Campson of Kingston, was home for a few days, owing to the illness of his father.

Miss Mitchell, B.A., is engaged in teaching for the balance of the year in a school in the vicinity of Bath.

Brighten Up.

Use Martin-Senour 100% pure paints, varnishes and lacquers for your spring painting. Glass, oils and lead.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

COURT OF REVISION

Township of Richmond

A Court of Revision of the Assessment Roll for the Township of Richmond will be held in the town hall, Selby, on Tuesday, June 7th, at 9 a.m., for the purpose of hearing complaints against the said Roll. All persons interested in the said Court will take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

H. A. WOOD,
Township Clerk.

COURT OF REVISION

Village of Bath.

Take notice that a Court of revision of the Assessment Roll of the Village of Bath will be held at the tow mhall on Monday, June 6th, at the hour of 9 o'clock p.m. to hear and determinetheappalt to hear and determine the appeals against the assessment roll of the said Village. All persons having business at the said Court will take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

E. J. SHEPHARD,
Municipal Clerk.

Bath, May 14th, 1927.

COURT OF REVISION

Township of Sheffield.

Notice is hereby given that the Court of Revision for the municipality of the Township of Sheffield will be held din the Town Hall, in the Village of Tamworth, on Monday, June 6th, 1927, at 10 o'clock a.m. for the hearing of the appeals against the Assessment Roll of 1927.

All persons interested are required to attend.

JOHN E. PARKS,
Township Clerk.

Tamworth, May 19th, 1927.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY REV. C. G. TRUMBULL.
(Editor of The Sunday School Times).

PETER UNDAUNTED BY PERSECUTION.

May 29.—Acts 5:27-35, 38-42.

Golden Text—We must obey God rather than men.—Acts 5:29.

Engraved on the tomb of General Lawrence of India are the words: "He feared man so little because he feared God so much." With most people the sentence reversed would form a fitting epitome of their lives. They fear man so much because they fear God so little. Courage in the face of danger and persecution has always been characteristic of the people of God. The boldness of Peter becomes more apparent, and he shows an utter disregard of the consequences, provided he can preach Christ and Him crucified to the Jews.

In the last two lessons we saw something of the rapidity with which the Church grew under the preaching of the apostles. So astounding was the growth of this new faith that it immediately excited the jealousy and hatred of the Priests and the Sadducees. The latter, in particular, seem to have been most virulent in their opposition to the new doctrine. As the Sadducees, we are told, denied the resurrection, and as the resurrection of the Lord Jesus formed the chief theme of Peter's discourse, their hatred of this new teaching can be understood. The attitude of mind represented by these two sects should teach us lessons today, indicating, as they do, the dangers of unreasoning prejudice and bitter hostility. The sensible thing and the reasonable thing to have done would have been to examine the claims of these Galileans. The Sanhedrin had heard them preach, had listened to their doctrine, had seen the wonderful results on the lives of thousands; they had put the apostles in prison, but they had escaped leaving behind them locked doors and barred gates, and returned to preach the same Gospel. Figured these amazing events should have caused reasonable men to pause and examine this new doctrine and, seeing its confirmation,

"Observe that both Phariseeism and Sadduceeism are permanent attitudes of the human mind," says Rev. J. Russell Howden, in the Sunday School Times. The former corresponds to formalism and superficial orthodoxy, and the latter to Modernism, so-called. For both groups the primary need was conversion by the regenerating power of the Holy Ghost, and that was harder for the Sadducee to receive, because he unwillingly refused to explore the facts. "If any man willeth to do his will, he shall know" (John 7:17).

These ignorant Galileans were undermining the authority of the Sanhedrin. It was monstrous that a Galilean fisherman should claim to correct a Jerusalem rabbi. It was still more monstrous that the said fisherman should obviously be wielding a power which all the Sanhedrin put together could not do. The way of common sense would have been for the Sanhedrin to inure. The way of prejudice was to persecute. Pharisaism had been worsted in its first round with truth. Their exasperation hurried them on to further violence.

For the second time the apostles were arrested and placed before the Sanhedrin. The one redeeming feature of this "trial" is the sensible conduct of Gamaliel. Here is the indictment of the high priest as read to Peter and John: "We straitly charged you to teach not in this name; and behold ye have filled Jerusalem with your teaching, and intend to bring this man's blood upon us." It seems as though the chief priest was even afraid to mention the Name of the One who had been crucified. He is only "this man." This conscience doth make cowards of us all.

Once again Peter is spokesman to answer the charge, and in seven words sets for the simple principle that demolishes detachment, and that will stand forth as the guiding rule of the Christian life for all time to come. "We must obey God rather than men." Here is that moral dynamic of the Christian life, the burning conviction imparted by God's Holy Spirit that has overthrown kingdoms, transformed peoples and sent tens of thousands of men and women to their deaths rather than be false to the voice of God within their souls. "We must obey God rather than man." He or she who will do that at all times will overcome the world. To avoid cowardice is the first secret of a happy Christian life. It may be worth while here to point out to the class the utter possibility of unregenerate men and women striving to obey God without first having accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord. As a matter of fact unregenerate people seldom want to obey God. They love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil, and the first step in obedience that God wants in the natural man is to be born to the realization of the Saviour and accept Him.

Once again Peter takes the opportunity of pressing home upon the hearts of the Sanhedrin the message of the Gospel as he replies to the accusation of the high priest. The courage of the vacillating Peter is now sublime. There is no hesitation, no compromise in his reply: "The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew, hanging Him on a tree." Him did God exalt with His right hand to be a Prince and Saviour, to give repentance to Israel, and remission of sins." This was the kind of preaching that cost John the Baptist his life, and caused Queen Mary of Scotland to quake as it was thundered forth by John Knox in Edinburg. It is the preaching of the facts of the Gospel that gets results, but creates bitter opposition.

Fury and hatred were immediately awakened by the reply of Peter. At this juncture Gamaliel, one of the great scholars and teachers of his day, rose in the assembly, at whose feet we are told, the Apostle Paul sat. Gamaliel urges caution, pointing out that if this sect was only one of the numerous new religions that were forever springing up in Jerusalem, sooner or later it would die a natural death or come into conflict with the Roman Empire and be crushed. "But," and here is the point that leads us all to believe that this teacher of the law must have been strongly impressed by the facts of the case, "if it be of God ye will not be able to overthrow them; lest happy ye be found even to be fighting against God."

The advice of Gamaliel was followed. Time was to declare whether the matter was of God or of man, and time has set the seal of God upon the ministry of the Gospel. The apostles were then scourged and let go free. They were having their first experience of what it meant to suffer for Christ, and we read they rejoiced "that they were counted worthy to suffer dishonor for the Name." Happy are we when we can say that, and can rejoice even in tribulation that Christ has counted us worthy to suffer for His Name.

War Against Caterpillars.

A big offensive was waged in Hyde Park, London, England, on Easter Monday, when 2,000 members of Scouts and Girl Guides, 1,000 strong and armed with screw-tipped poles, destroyed the nests of about 2,000,000 caterpillar cocoons.

This attack is part of an organized attempt by the College of Pestology to get rid of some of the pests. Last year a similar attempt on a smaller scale resulted in nearly eight pounds of cocoons, or 1,150,000 eggs, of the vaporer moth being destroyed, but this year it is estimated that 10 pounds of cocoons were destroyed.

A simple scheme was worked on an attack on the mosquito in Epping Forest. Dumps of road dust were treated with chemicals and were used by helpers armed with "blowers," spades, and satchels.

This method has superseded the use of paraffin as a destructive agent because it is only poisonous to the larvae, while paraffin forms pools and poisons the earth.

Compressed Air.

Compressed air is used in a number of curious ways.

To give a captured whale's body greater buoyancy and to prevent it from sinking, compressed air is pumped into it through a flexible pipe from a compressor in the engine-room of the whaling vessel.

The vessel is thus able to leave its capture, after having stuck a conspicuous flag in the floating whale, and, after completing its activities, secure and tow the floating carcass to the factory where the cutting-up operations are conducted.

Its Did.

"How did the Smith wedding go off?"

"Fine until the parson asked the bride if she'd obey her husband."

"What happened then?"

"She replied, 'Do you think I'm crazy?' and the groom, who was in a sort of a daze, replied, 'I do.'"

Drunkenness.

Drunkenness cannot be measured by any definite standard, according to the finding of a committee appointed by the British Medical Association, which has been at work on the problem for over twelve months.

Going Out of Fashion.

God Hyer off is going out of fashion, says a writer in the case of rickety children, as doctors are now finding that a properly balanced diet is just as effective, and the cod liver oil is apt to upset delicate digestions.

Raising Revenue in Japan.

Dogs, motors, tobacco, salt, and whisky are among the objects of taxation in Japan, where it is now suggested that a tax should be put on canaries and other feathered pets.

Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.

ROBT. LIGHT 44tf

Anything can be sold by Long Distance

No matter what you have to sell, do not think it cannot be sold by Long Distance. It can—if the price is right. People are rapidly becoming educated to buy by telephone many things they formerly thought they had to examine before purchasing.

Those who have definitely accepted Long Distance for systematic selling tell us — and the number is rapidly growing — that where they do not succeed in making a sale on the first try, the prospect nearly always comes back later to buy.

Get the Long Distance habit. There are 40,000 more telephone prospects in Ontario and Quebec this year.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

GASOLINE TAXES OUR PATIENCE

BY ERWIN GREER
(President Greer College of Automotive & Electrical Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

The chap who does a lot of touring certainly wonders how the various states "get that way" when it comes to paying extra pennies for each gallon of gasoline.

The A. A. A. aided me in compiling the following, and, find them voice your opinion on the subject.

If any citizens have a right to complain it is certainly those from states like Illinois, New York, Massachusetts and a few others where gasoline taxes are imposed.

Last year there were three states imposing a tax of one per cent—Illinois, New York, twenty-one states levying a tax of two cents per gallon—one state with a two and one-half cent tax, thirteen taxing at the rate of three cents two taxing three and one-half cents, three taxing four cents and South Carolina going the limit at five cents.

On a basis of registration and total gas receipts of ten states which are not "resort" states, the average car used 151 gallons of gasoline for the first six months and paid a tax of $3.02. For the same period the average tax paid in Florida was $11.80. Since the tax in Florida is three cents, the figures would indicate a consumption of 393 gallons for each car.

The figures, however, are misleading. The difference between the taxes paid in the non-resort states and in Florida is principally the amount of taxes exacted from tourists. No wonder Florida needs no state income or inheritance tax.

It may be alright for states like Wyoming, New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, struggling bravely to build good roads across vast, sparsely settled districts to collect a modicum of their cost of maintenance from those who get benefits so largely through them, but it is far from just for the prosperous states and Florida is principally the amount of taxes exacted from tourists. No wonder Florida needs no state income or inheritance tax.

Pennsylvania for their license tags, driver's licenses and certificates of title already pay far more than the annual cost of her fine highway system; but Pennsylvania asks only two cents from the South Carolina motorist for every gallon of gas he purchases, so why should South Carolina levy a tax on the Pennsylvania motorist of five cents on every gallon? Besides paying more than his share for the roads, is the automobile taxed forever to be the victim and prey of petty, tribute levying politicians?

Rhode Island furnishes another example of the wide variations in taxes and taxation methods. Automobiles registered in the smallest state in the Union total 89,247. Yet, despite a very low cost of gallon, tax receipts were only $45,848. This is only fifty-one cents for each car. What is the answer? Does the Rhode Island motorist buy only 102 gallons of gas a year, or is he buying his gasoline in Massachusetts where it is tax free? I'll give you three guesses.

DO ANIMALS THINK?

A Test Case Made of a Monkey Confined In a Cage.

Do animals actually think, and do they reason as human beings reason? These questions were discussed recently by Prof. E. Lee Thorndike, who said:—

Experients have been made on fish, reptiles, birds, and various animals, notably dogs, cats, mice, and monkeys, to see how they learned to do certain simple things in order to get food.

All these animals manifest fundamentally the same sort of intellectual life. Their learning is after the same general type. What that type is can be seen best from a concrete instance.

A monkey was kept in a large cage. Into the cage was put a box, the door of which was held closed by a wire fastened to a nail, which was inserted in a hole in the top of the box. If the nail was pulled up out of the hole, the door could be pulled open.

In this box was a piece of banana. The monkey, attracted by the new object, came down from the top of the cage and fussed over the box.

He pushed the box about and tipped it up and down. He played with the nail, and finally pulled it out. When he happened to pull the door again, it opened. He reached in and got the food inside. He had taken him thirty-six minutes to get in.

Another piece of food being put in and the door closed, the occurrences of the first trial were repeated, but there was less of the profitless pulling and tipping. He got in this time in two minutes and twenty seconds.

With repeated trials the animal finally came to drop entirely the profitless acts and to take the nail out and open the door as soon as the box was put in his cage.

MARVELS OF SPACE.

Telescope Collects 160,000 Times the Light Received by the Eyes.

Recent striking advances in our knowledge of the heavens and its vast and orderly hosts have been aided by new and delicate devices and by the success of the 100-inch Hooker telescope on Mount Wilson, California—a telescope large enough to collect 160,000 times the light received by the eye.

With this great telescope and others not quite so big, and by the aid of the interferometer and other devices, astronomers now set definite limits to our universe.

But they go further questing the bewildering depths of space, and say that there are many other universes, entirely distinct from our own.

Thus the great Nebula in Andromeda is now regarded as a separate universe, comprising some 2,000,000,000 suns, its boundaries being distant from us about 920,000 light-years. That is to say, the radiance of this distant galaxy, travelling at its known figures, at 186,000 miles every second of the travelling time, has taken 920,000 years to reach us!

Rushing Silk Across Canada

Ladies' lingeries, silk stockings, negligee and other items of apparel are not the only things woven from the silk worms' product.

Feeding from the mulberry trees on the many terraced slopes of Japan this specie of the caterpillar is all unconscious of the important part it plays in transportation, writes F. C. Richards in Toronto Weekly Star.

As Dame Fashion slips on the latest creation in silk gowns, little does she realise that Canadian ships carrying $5,000,000, and sometimes as high as $8,000,000, cargoes of raw silk speed across the Pacific in order to satiate her slightest whim in dress.

With special trains waiting at the end of hundreds of dollars a minute to distribute their valuable cargoes there is perhaps no business to-day into which speed, time and competition enters to such a degree as the silk carrying trade.

This little cocoon, which makes the first step in the silk business is the only one who cannot be hurried. But after that stage the race and profits are to the swift. Every hour of delay means the loss of thousands of dollars in insurance, and in many cases depreciation of the cargo due to fluctuations on the silk market.

A cargo of $12,000,000 worth of raw silk has placed Vancouver in the premier position for silk honors throughout the entire length of the Pacific seaboard. Every port on the Pacific coast vies for the honor of handling silk, as it is one of the most lucrative kinds of cargo to handle. It was brought on the Empress of Canada, greyhound of the Pacific and holder of the trans-Pacific speed record of eight days ten hours and nine minutes from Yokohama breakwater to William Head quarantine, near Victoria, a span of 4,300 miles.

One may ask why a train of twenty cars is rushed from Vancouver to Fort William, a distance of 1,893 miles in fifteen hours less time than the fastest long-distance passenger express of the same line.

The answer is the long cut enough raw silk to fill twenty cars has value running into millions of dollars. It deteriorates rapidly; insurance is high; the market fluctuates from day to day, and one day, even hours, may make a difference of $100 a bale.

A silk train has been known to make the run from Brandon to Winnipeg, 133 miles, in 131 minutes, while another, which was 22 minutes late in its arrival at Calgary, cut out of that city in six minutes to commence its long run of 180 miles to Medicine Hat. At Revelstoke it was nine minutes behind schedule, with twelve minutes to make fourteen miles. The train went into the terminal on time.

All along the route dispatchers are kept busy clearing the line for the "silk special," while the engineer, ever vigilant, watches the semaphore, for he knows if it is known to stop, men, to see if his line is clear. Another remarkable feat by one of the silk specials was attained on the 2.2 grade from Field to Calmary. The 126.6 miles run was covered in three hours twelve minutes.

These are some records which the average person never hears of, while the huge Empress liners that dock every two weeks from the ports the Far East are world famed for their speed. Of the twenty-four liners operating in the silk-carrying business from the Orient to Canada three of the Empress liners hold top place for speed. The records are: Empress of Canada, eight days ten hours nine minutes; Empress of Asia, eight days twenty-two hours four minutes; Empress of Russia, eight days eighteen hours twenty-three minutes. A United States vessel, the President Grant, comes fourth, with a record of nine days one hour. The average trip takes ten days for an Empress liner, eleven days for the President type liners and thirteen days for the Japanese-owned vessels.

BANK'S ELECTRIC WALLS.

Can Flood Vaults From Three Points In Case of Emergency.

Remarkable and elaborate defences are being included in the rebuilding of the Bank of England, which is now in progress. It will be possible, in case of invasion or other emergency, to flood the vaults from three points —one in the bank, one elsewhere in London, and one ten miles out of London.

The walls are constructed of reinforced concrete blocks, each two feet long by two feet wide by two feet thick. The reinforcement is made from old steel-wire ships' cables, which are separated into single strands.

These steel wires are interlaced into panels six feet by two feet, and placed in the mould one on top of the other, until the mould is full of steel-wire matting. Liquid concrete is then poured in the mould, and the whole is shaken to work the concrete into every crack and corner.

All these concrete blocks have "keys" at each end to interlock them when in position. There are also semicircular grooves at the ends of the blocks. Two blocks together form a circular groove up and down which pass electric wires. Any attempt to displace a block breaks these wires and an alarm is immediately sounded.

Jail Sold for $35.

The Municipal Council of Londonderry, Nova Scotia, recently decided that the local jail, which had not housed a prisoner for many years, was an expensive luxury, and sold it to the highest bidder. The local cobbler offered $35, and found himself in possession. The jail was built in 1887 and is complete with iron bars and straw.

When?

"When is Muriel thinking of getting married?"

"When isn't she?"

Have No Railways.

The eight countries in the world that have no railways are: Albania in Europe; Afghanistan, Asir, Bhutan, Nepal, Oman, and Yemen, in Asia; and Liberia on the West Coast of Africa.

Finger-Prints 400 B.C.

Finger-prints as a means of identification were used by the Chinese as early as 400 B.C.

Don't Borrow.

It is just as hard to pay back money as it is to borrow it.

FAMOUS STRONG MEN

Men Who For Some Reason Develop Colossal Strength.

Almost every land can boast of its odd, outstanding strong men. Men who for some reason, due to heredity and training, develop colossal strength.

How far, asks Charles J. Gray in an article on the subject in the Popular Mechanics Magazine, would our styled "strong men" fare against the Samsons of olden times? I fear they would suffer in the comparison.

Leaving the Biblical story and mythology, there have been many strong men throughout the ages. Fighting was a man's business in days of yore, and naturally the braniest were not to be despised.

Henryk Sienkiewicz in "Quo Vadis" tells how Ursus, the giant Lygian, rescued Lygia from the horns of a bull. Possibly the author had in mind the feat of Francis, of Vivonne, a Frenchman of the time of Francis I. This courtier objectively stopped a charging bull by catching its horns.

Froissart, in accounts on the extraordinary strength of one Ernauton, a Spaniard, who lived in the fourteenth century. One cold day, observing that the hall of the Count de Foix, his master, was but indifferently warmed, he retired to the courtyard. There stood some asses laden with newly-gathered fuel. In a few minutes he returned bearing in his arms a donkey and its load, and this unusual burden he threw on the fire. The fact, at any time remarkable, was in this case doubly so, as Ernauton climbed a flight of stairs on his way up.

Maurice of Saxony, son of the Elector Augustus II. possessed particularly strong fingers. He could snap horseshoes between them as if they were match sticks, and once (so the story goes), lacking a corkscrew, he utilized a large nail which he had twisted into the required shape.

In Thomas Topham, England possessed a man of no mean physical attainments. This celebrity, who flourished in the early eighteenth century, could roll up between his fingers the pewter platters in common use at the time and strike a poker on his arm until it bent at right angles.

One of his exhibition "turns" was to hold a bar of iron behind his head. He would grasp each end of the bar with his hands and slowly bring them to meet in front of him without the bar ever having touched his neck. Then, an even more difficult performance, he would straighten it out.

A French scientist, Dr. Desaguliers, took upon himself to record Topham's doings and to him we are indebted for the following remarkable acts.

On one occasion he lifted with his teeth and held for a few moments a wooden table six feet long to which was attached a 56-lb. weight.

His greatest feat was witnessed by the townsfolk of Derby in 1741. A special staging having been erected, he engaged to raise three filled water casks, a combined weight of 1,836 pounds. This he accomplished amid great excitement.

The manner of his doing it was to attach the weight to a leather strap which he placed round his neck. His hands meantime grasping two conveniently placed rails, he slowly straightened his body and supported the ponderous bulk.

Not satisfied with this demonstration of his prowess, Topham next essayed to pull against two horses. His method, according to his biographer, was unscientific, and he was defeated, sustaining in the process an injured knee-cap.

A little later, however, a German, Van Eckeburg, accomplished the two-horse feat. This individual sat on an inclined board with his feet against the trunk of a tree, and put all his animals' efforts to dislodge him.

Such feats are very rare nowadays probably owing to the fact that lower strength, as opposed to modern scientific methods, is usually at a discount.

PROFESSIONAL FAULT-FINDER.

Duty Is to Examine Calico as It Comes From the Loom.

Perhaps no operative in a Lancashire cotton mill has a more thankless task than the piece-looker.

To him is apportioned the duty of carefully examining the calico as it comes from the loom to the warehouse. Should he detect any bad place in the cloth, he sends for the weaver on whose loom the piece has been woven, and if no satisfactory explanation is given he inflicts a small fine.

Many of these piece-lookers examine from ten to fifteen thousand yards of cloth a day, their trained eyes detecting little defects that would be unnoticed by any person unacquainted with mill work.

Some of these men are greatly disliked by the weavers for their overbearing manner, whilst others who combine civility with strictness are looked on with esteem.

The operatives, who are loath to part with any of their earnings in fines, do their best to produce good material, and it says much for their ability when the wages sheet shows only seven or eight shillings in fines for every hundred pounds of their earnings.

Breaking It Gently.

Murphy had been careless in handling the blasting powder in the quarry, and Duffy had been deputed to break the news gently to the widow.

"Mrs. Murphy," said he, "isn't it to-day the fellow calls for the weekly payment for Murphy's life assurance?"

"It is," answered Mrs. Murphy.

"Well, now, a word in your ear," said Duffy. "Sure we can snap your fingers at the fellow to-day."

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A MUNICIPAL REPORT

By O. HENRY

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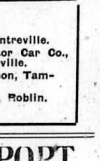

O. HENRY

Twenty-four famous authors were asked recently to name the best short story in the English language. Montague Glass, Gouverneur Morris and Richard Harding Davis all declare that O. Henry's "A Municipal Report" is one of the world's greatest short stories.

MONTAGUE GLASS

PART I.

EAST is east and west is San Francisco, according to Californians. Californians are a race of people, they are not merely inhabitants of a state. They are the southerners of the west. Now, Chicagoans are no less loyal to their city, but when you ask them why, they stammer and speak of lake fish and the new Odd Fellows building. But Californians go into detail.

Of course they have in the climate an argument that is good for half an hour while you are thinking of your coal bills and heavy underwear. But as soon as they come to mistake your silence for conviction, madness comes upon them and they picture the city of the Golden Gate as the Bagdad of the new world. So far, as a matter of opinion, no refutation is necessary. But, dear cousins all (from Adam and Eve descended), it is a rash one who will lay his finger on the map and say, "In this town there can be no romance—what could happen here?" Yes, it is a bold and a rash deed to challenge in one sentence history, romance and the atlas.

Nashville—A city, port of delivery and the capital of the state of Tennessee, is on the Cumberland river and on the N. C. and St. L. and the L. and N. railroads. This city is regarded as the most important educational center in the south.

I stepped off the train at 8 p. m. Having searched the thesaurus in vain for adjectives, I must, as a substitution, hie me to comparison in the form of a recipe:

Take of London fog, thirty parts; malaria, ten parts; gas leaks, twenty parts; dewdrops gathered in a brick yard at sunrise, twenty-five parts; odor of honeysuckle, fifteen parts. Mix.

This mixture will give you an approximate conception of a Nashville drizzle. It is not so fragrant as a mothball nor as thick as pea soup, but 'tis enough—'twill serve.

I went to a hotel in a tumbril. It required strong self suppression for me to keep from climbing to the top of it and giving an imitation of Sidney Carton. The vehicle was drawn by beasts of a bygone era and driven by something dark and emancipated.

The hotel was one of the kind described as "renovated." That means suffered. Bright, new, imposing, capacious, untouched, they stood. But, shades of Jefferson Brick—the tile floor, the beautiful tile floor!

Here I first saw Major (by misplaced courtesy) Wentworth Caswell. I knew him for a type the moment my eyes suffered from the sight of him. A rat has no geographical habitat. My old friend A. Tennyson said, as he so well said almost everything:

Prophet, curse me the blabbing lip
And curse me the British vermin, the rat.

Let us regard the word "British" as interchangeable ad lib. A rat is a rat.

This man was hunting about the hotel lobby like a starved dog that had forgotten where he had buried a bone. He had a face of great acreage, red, pulpy and with a kind of sleepy massiveness like that of Buddha. He possessed one single virtue—he was very smoothly shaven. The mark of the beast is not indelible upon a man until he goes about with a stubble. I think that if he had not used his razor that day I would have repulsed his advances, and the criminal calendar of the world would have been spared the addition of one murder.

I happened to be standing within five feet of a cuspidor when Major Caswell opened fire upon it. I had been observant enough to perceive that the attacking force was using Gatlings instead of squirrel rifles, so I sidestepped so promptly that the major seized the opportunity to apologize to a nonconformist. He had the blabbing lip. In four minutes he had become my friend and had dragged me to the bar.

I desire to interpolate here that I am a southerner. But I am not one by profession or trade. I eschew the string tie, the slouch hat, the Prince Albert, the number of bales of cotton destroyed by Sherman and plug chewing. When the orchestra plays "Dixie" I do not cheer.

Major Caswell banged the bar with his fist and the first gun at Fort Sumter re-echoed. When he fired the last one at Appomattox I began to hope. But then he began on family trees and demonstrated that Adam was only a third cousin of a collateral branch of the Caswell family. Genealogy disposed of he took up to my distaste his private family matters. He spoke of his wife, traced her descent back to Eve and profanely denied any possible rumbr that she may have had relations in the land of Nod.

By this time I began to suspect that he was trying to obscure by noise the fact that he had ordered the drinks on the chance that I would be bewildered into paying for them. But when they were down he crashed a silver dollar upon the bar. Then, of course, another serving was obligatory. And when I had paid for that I took leave of him brusquely, for I wanted no more of him. But before I left I obtained my release he had prated loudly of an income that his wife received and showed a handful of silver money.

When I got my key at the office the clerk said to me ominously: "If that man Caswell has annoyed you and if you would like to make a complaint we will have him ejected. He is a nuisance, a loafer and without any known means of support, although he seems to have money most of the time. But we don't seem to be able to hit upon any means of throwing him out legally."

"Why, no," said I, after some reflection. "I don't see my way clear to making a complaint. But I would like to place myself on record as asserting that I do not care for his company. Your town," I continued, "seems to be a quiet one. What manner of entertainment, adventure, or excitement have you to offer to the stranger within your gates?"

"Well, sir," said the clerk, "there will be a show here next Thursday. It is—I'll look it up and have the announcement sent up to your room with the ice water. Good night."

After I went up to my room I looked out of the window. It was only 9 o'clock, but I looked upon a silent town. The drizzle continued, spangled with dim lights, as far apart as currants in a cake sold at the Ladies' exchange.

Nashville occupies a foremost place among the manufacturing centers of the country. It is the fifth boot and shoe market in the United States. The largest candy and cracker manufacturing city in the south and does an enormous wholesale dry goods, grocery and drug business.

I must tell you how I came to be in Nashville, and I assure you the digression brings as much tedium to me as it does to you. I was traveling elsewhere on my own business, but I had a commission from a northern literary magazine to stop over there and establish a personal connection between the publication and one of its contributors, Azalea Adair.

Adair (there was no clew to the personality except the handwriting) had sent in some essays (lost art) and poems that had made the editors swear approvingly over their 1 o'clock luncheon. So they had commissioned me to round up said Adair and corner by contract his or her output at 2 cents a word before some other publisher offered her 10 or 20.

At 9 o'clock the next morning, after my chicken livers en brochette (try them if you can find that hotel), I strayed out into the drizzle, which was still on for an unlimited run. At the first corner I came upon Uncle Caesar. He was a stalwart negro, older than the pyramids, with gray wool and a face that reminded me of Brutus and a second afterward of the late King Cetewayo. He wore the most remarkable coat that I ever had seen or expect to see. It reached to his ankles and had once been a Confederate gray in colors. But rain and sun and age had so variegated it that Joseph's coat beside it would have faded to a pale monochrome.

Once it must have been the military coat of an officer. The cape of it had vanished, but all adown its front it had been frogged and tasseled magnificently. But now the frogs and tassels were gone. In their stead had been patiently stitched (I surmised by some surriving "black mammy") new frogs made of cunningly twisted common hempen twine. This twine was frayed and disheveled. It must have been added to the coat as a substitute for vanished splendors, with tasteless but painstaking devotion, for it followed faithfully the curves of the long missing frogs. And to complete the comedy and pathos of the garment all its buttons were gone save one. The second button from the top alone remained. The coat was fastened by other twine strings tied through the buttonholes and other holes rudely pierced in the opposite side. There was never such a weird garment so fantastically bedecked and of so many mottled hues. The lone button was the size of a half dollar, made of yellow horn and sewed on with coarse twine.

This negro stood by a carriage so old that Ham himself might have started a hack line with it after he left the ark with the two animals hitched to it. As I approached he threw open the door, drew out a feather duster, waved it without using it and said in deep, rumbling tones:

"Step right in, suh; ain't a speck of dust in it—jus' got back from a funeral, suh."

"I want to go to 861 Jessamine street." I said and was about to step into the hack. But for an instant the thick, long, gorilla-like arm of the old negro barred me. On his massive and saturnine face a look of sudden suspicion and enmity flashed for a moment. Then, with quickly returning conviction, he asked blandishingly, "What are you gwine there for, boss?"

"What is that to you?" I asked, a little sharply.

"Nothin', suh, jus' nothin'. Only it's a lonesome kind of part of town, and few folks ever has business out there. Step right in. The seats is clean—jes' got back from a funeral, suh."

As all this time I must have been to our journey's end. I could hear nothing but the fearful rattle of the ancient hack over the uneven brick paving; I could smell nothing but the drizzle, and further forward with coal smoke and something like a mixture of tar and oleander blossoms. All I could see through the streaming windows were two rows of dim houses.

The city has an area of ten square miles, 181 miles of streets, of which 127 miles are paved; a system of waterworks that cost $2,500,000, with seventy-seven miles of mains.

Eight-sixty-one Jessamine street was a decayed mansion. Thirty yards back from the street it stood, submerged in a splendid grove of trees and untrimmed shrubbery. A row of box bushes overflowed and almost hid the paling fence from sight; the gate was kept closed by a rope noose that encircled the gate post and the last paling of the gate. But when you got inside you saw that 861 was a shell, a shadow, a ghost of former grandeur and excellence. But in the story I have not yet got inside.

When the hack had ceased from rattling and the weary quadrupeds came to a rest I handed my jehu his 50 cents with an additional quarter, feeling a glow of conscious generosity as I did so. He refused it.

"It's $2, suh," he said.

"How's that?" I asked. "I plainly heard you call out at the hotel, 'Fifty cents to any part of the town.'"

"It's $2, suh," he repeated obstinately. "It's a long ways from the hotel."

"It is within the city limits and well within them." I argued. "Don't think that you have picked up a greenborn Yankee. Do you see those hills over there?" I went on, pointing toward the east (I could not see them myself for the drizzle). "well, I was born and raised on their other side. You old fool nigger, can't you tell people from other people when you see 'em?"

The grim face of King Cetewayo softened. "Is you from the south, suh? I reckon it was them shoes of yourn fooled me. They is somethin' sharp in the toes for a southern gen'leman to wear."

"Then the charge is 50 cents, I suppose?" said I, inexorably.

"Boss," he said, "50 cents is right suh; I needs $2, suh. I'm obleeged to have $2. I ain't demandin', it now, suh, after I knows whar you's from, I'm jus' sayin' that I has to have $2 tonight, and business is mighty po'."

Pedro and confidence settled upon his rugged features. He had been luckier than he had hoped. Instead of having picked up a greenhorn, ignorant of rates, he had come upon an inheritance.

"You confounded old rascal," I said, reaching down into my pocket, "you ought to be turned over to the police."

For the first time I saw him smile. He knew, *he knew*, HE KNEW.

I gave him two one-dollar bills. As I handed them over I noticed that one of them had seen parlous times. Its upper right hand corner was missing, and it had been torn through in the middle, but joined again. A strip of blue tissue paper pasted over the split preserved its negotiability.

The house, as I said, was a shell. A paint brush had not touched it in twenty years. I could not see why a strong wind should not have bowled it over like a house of cards until I looked again at the trees that hugged it close—the trees that saw the battle of Nashville and still drew their protecting branches around it against storm and enemy and cold.

PART II.

AZALEA ADAIR, fifty years old, white haired, a descendant of the cavaliers, as thin and frail as the house she lived in, robed in the cheapest and cleanest dress I ever saw, with an air as simple as a queen's, received me.

The reception room seemed a mile square, because there was nothing in it except some rows of books, on unpainted white pine bookshelves, a cracked marble top table, a rag rug, a hairless horsehair sofa and two or three chairs. Yes, there was a picture on the wall, a colored crayon drawing of a cluster of pansies. I looked around for the portrait of Andrew Jackson and the pine cone basket, but they were not there.

Azalea Adair and I had conversation. A little of which will be repeated to you. She was a product of the old south, gently nurtured in the sheltered life. Her learning was not broad, but was deep and of splendid originality in its somewhat narrow scope. She had been educated at home and her knowledge of the world was derived from inference and by inspiration. Of such is the kingdom of spinsterhood composed.

Azalea Adair had written essays and poems for the love of them. Publication was secondary. She had refused pay for her contributions to the magazine that had commissioned me to secure her output. Her gentility had been shocked by the proposition that I had made to her.

I remember that I had talked for a long time. I remember that I had asked her if she had ever been in love. I remember that she had said that she had been, but that the young man had married another girl. I remember that I had said that I was sorry, and that she had said that it was all right now, as she had been dead for thirty years.

I remember that I had asked her if she had ever been out of Nashville, and that she had said no, that she had never had the time nor the money. I remember that I had asked her if she had ever been to the Hermitage, and that she had said no, that she had always intended to go, but had never been able to spare the time.

I remember that I had asked her if she had ever been to the Parthenon, and that she had said no, that she had always intended to go, but had never been able to spare the money.

We can supply you with any height from 3 to 8 feet of this strong, sturdy fence. No boards or top rails necessary. Five times as serviceable as netting. It gives your flock real protection. All styles of Peerless Farm, Poultry or Lawn Fence carried in stock.

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Napanee, Ont.

Radios and Batteries

Auhorized Dealers for Stromberg-Carlson and DeForest Crossley Radios

These sets can be heard any night by appointment.

We carry a full line of Eveready Radio Batteries; all styles and prices. Phones and Speakers.

We have just installed one of the latest type Chargers to look after your car or radio storage battery.

Get your Radio License from us

Then if you are about to wire your house, or have any of your wiring equipment altered give us a call. Estimates given freely.

The Thermo Water Heater has no equal.

We carry a complete line of Fixtures, Shades, Heating Appliances, Irons, Toasters, Percolaters, Curling Tongues.

National Electric Ranges; also the Beach Electric Range.

Floor Waxer and Polisher to rent

Get Radio License before April 1st and save trouble as all Radios have to be licensed before that date.

1 Barnet Refrigerator at a bargain.

1 6-tube Mohawk Radio.

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Market Square. - 'Phone 367
Residence Phone 112-F.

WHERE RESTS YOUR LOVED ONE

there place the most enduring, the most beautiful evidence of your affection and devotion possible to obtain—a monument in imperishable **Marble or Granite**, designed, carved and erected by us, specialists in this work.

We will make special designs for you at the lowest possible cost.

Talk it over with

WM. M. HOWITT,
Napanee, - Ontario

Having a Large Stock of

Flour, Feeds, and Grain

A lot of damaged and wet Grain at

Sacrificed Prices

if taken at once.

All kinds of Grain and Seeds, and Hay, in car lots.

Also Frost Fencing and Gates.

Subscribers call for your Directory

Fred A. Perry

Opposite Campbell House

FREE!

One pair candlesticks given away with every 50c. tin Rogers' Brushing Lacquer. Easy to apply, dries in 30 minutes. All shades.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

GREY SQUIRREL A NUISANCE.

Animals Transplanted to Other Countries Not Always a Blessing.

Transplanting animals, birds or fish from one part of the world to another has not always proved a blessing, but frequently the reverse. The European house-sparrow, brought to North America, and imported rabbits for some years became a pest in Australia are notable cases of pests becoming too numerous in their new environment. Europe and Great Britain have generally furnished these undesirable species of fur or feathers, but the paper published below which was read at the Brodie's Club recent meeting in Royal Ontario Museum by Prof. J. R. Dymond, shows that the tide has turned in the other direction:

"The American grey squirrel, which we think of as an interesting and harmless inhabitant of our city parks, is becoming a serious pest in some parts of England. There may still be some nature-lovers who wish to see the animals, birds, fishes, insects and other forms of life transplanted from one country to another, but the evil consequences of such indiscriminate introductions have often been so disastrous that the wisdom of transplanting any wild creature from one country to another is being seriously questioned. When we remember the case of rabbits in Australia, and rats, sparrows, carp, etc., in America, the necessity for such caution is apparent.

"The grey squirrel was first introduced into England about 1889. The first lot introduced died out, but a subsequent introduction in Woburn Park, Bedfordshire, was successful that it soon became desirable to reduce their numbers, and about 1,000 were killed during one winter, and as many as 300 in one week.

"According to a recent publication of the Southeastern Agricultural College at Wye, Kent, 'at the present rate of increase the grey squirrel is a standing danger, and is giving rise to a good deal of apprehension, and unless concerted, drastic measures are taken for its suppression it will rival that pernicious foe of man, the rat.' This publication also stated: 'There ought to be some drastic law on the statutes prohibiting this foolhardy introduction of foreign animals of all kinds into this country, however interesting and pretty they may be, for one never knows how an introduced animal, bird or insect may behave in its new home.'"

A WONDER CITY.

Built In Thirty Months by Refugees From Turkey.

Two years and a half ago a crowd of refugees from Turkey landed in Greece and were dumped in a wilderness-sort of place near Katerina. Tents were provided for their immediate shelter. The people were largely of the agricultural class. A loan from Bible Lands created a building fund from which each family could borrow up to $225 for the purpose of building a house, says the quarterly report of the Bible Lands Mission, whose appeal is now being made in the Old Country.

Plans were prepared making regular streets and uniform house plots, while the surrounding district was divided for cultivation and allotted according to the size of each family.

To-day—that is to say, after two and a half years—it has a comfortable settled in stone or brick houses, with tile roofs, the first repayment of all loans has been faithfully paid, besides which out of their means they have built a substantial church building to hold over 1,000 persons.

Blowing Up an Iceberg.

An iceberg of almost indescribable beauty, 500 feet long, with a hollow in the centre 90 feet in depth, having sides of porcelain white and containing an emerald-green lake four feet deep, was excavated by a recent iceberg demolishing party.

Armed with crows, ice picks, axes drills, and canisters containing dynamite, they were under the direction of a successful method of destroying icebergs that endanger the trade routes of the North Atlantic.

On landing, the party drill holes into the ice and insert the chemical charge, which is fired by fuses. Dynamite develops tremendous heat at a great rate reaching as high as 5,000 degrees Fahrenheit. In a few hours the largest icebergs crack and disintegrate with a noise resembling an earthquake.

An Ingenious Lock.

A brass lock, the keyhole of which is covered by one of the legs of a small figure was constructed by a Birmingham locksmith in 1640, and can now be seen at the South Kensington Museum.

Before the key could be inserted one had to raise the leg, an action that caused the figure, whose hands held a stick, to point to the next numeral on a dial. Thus any unauthorized operator of the lock was indicated to the proper owner.

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Has for 58 years maintained the highest standards in thorough business training. Students come here from Newfoundland, Bermuda, British West Indies, South America, the United States and all parts of Canada.
Write for the College catalogue.

J. L. MOORE, Principal.
dec-21

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

The Money Losing Cow

THE average production of milk per cow in Canada is about 4,000 pounds annually but authorities are agreed that the higher the production per cow, the greater the profit. You can materially increase the productiveness of your herd by productiveness of your herd by breeding better live stock and the local branch of the Standard Bank of Canada is at your service in supplying loans for the purchase of stock which will give a greater cash return for the feed and labor expended.

BANKING FIFTY YEARS

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA
NAPANEE BRANCH—H. R. McHoull, Manager
Branches also at Belleville, Camden East, Deseronto, Newburgh, Tamworth

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m.—Public worship. Sermon, "If I Forget Thee, O Jerusalem."
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
7 p.m.—Public worship. Sermon: "Jesus' First Commandment."

This is our special Go-to-church Sunday. The sacrament of Baptism will be administered at the morning service.
Wednesday, 8 p.m.—Prayer meeting.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Roofing.

Use Johns-Manaville asbestos, asphalt, slate surfaced shingles and roll roofing. Will not bugn or rot.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Napanee Poultry Association.

It has been brought to the attention of the Napanee Poultry Association, that it is a general impression among poultry men that an entry fee for birds for the World's Poultry Congress is required, No charges whatever, with free transportation, the only cost is the little trouble in getting the birds in condition. Enetrys close on or before the 15th June.

A. S. HUGHSON, Sec'y
Napanee Poultry Association.

Habeas Corpus Writ is Denied.

That John A. Martin, of Toronto, now a prisoner in the common jail of Lennox and Addington, is not entitled to a writ of habeas corpus, is the ruling made by Mr. Justice Middleton in a judgment issued today at Osgoode Hall. John A. Martin was convicted and sentenced to three months imprisonment upon four charges of having unlawfully and knowingly made to James Lacey, Clara Frances Stinson, Mabel Mowbray and Beatrice Mowbray, false statements in writing with intent that they should be relied upon, respecting the financial condition, or means or ability to pay, of the Arden Creamery, Limited, for the purpose of procuring payment by them of cash for his own benefit.

Two Cars Collide on Highway.

G. Stanley Reid, with his wife and children and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Davidson were motoring up on Sunday on the Provincial highway near Bayside cheese factory. Mr. Reid and party were coming home from Trenton when near Bayside factory George Desjardin, of Trenton pulled directly in front of Mr. Reid's car and the two cars collided. Mr. Davidson was quite badly injured by cuts from flying glass and Mrs. Reid received a bad concussion. The children were also tossed about in the car and bruised. Both cars were badly wrecked in front. An ambulance from Belleville was called and took the injured people to a doctor, where their hurts were looked after and they were able to return home. Provincial police officers arrested Desjardin, who was on Monday charged with being intoxicated in charge of a motor car, and was remanded for a week on bail.

Celebrates 100th Birthday.

Mrs. John Cummings, North Fredericksburgh, is today (Tuesday) celebrating her 100th birthday. Mrs. Cummings is probably the oldest resident in the county. Mrs. Cummings, whose maiden name was Sarah Sagar, was born in the Township of Richmond, in the County of Lennox and Addington, on May 24, 1827. Here it was that she spent her early years and attended school. At the age of twenty-six she was united in marriage to John Cummings, of the Township of North Fredericksburgh, who with his bride set up their home on a farm near Big Creek, and spent their pioneer days that the future generations might enjoy the fruits of their labor. Twelve years ago bereavement entered the home in the death of her husband. Four children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Cummings: three sons, William, with whom she resides; Wesley, of Morven; Charles and one daughter, Annie, the latter passing away some years ago. The original farm is still in their name and has only changed hands twice since the crown deed was presented to them.

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Hay Bay Church: Sunday School 10 a.m.; Public Worship 11 a.m.
Salem Church: Sunday School 1.30 p.m.; Public Worship 2.30 p.m.
Anderdon Church: Sunday School 10.30 a.m.; Public Worship 7.30 p.m.
Address for boys and young men.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church:
Rev. J. H. H. Coleman, M. A., Vic.
8.00—Holy Communion.
10.30—Morning prayer.
12.00—Sunday School.
3.30-Baptisms.
7.00—Evening prayer.
The Vicar's farewell sermon.

Belleville Plant Sold to Illinois Company.

The Marsh Engineering Works, Belleville, was sold on Friday to the Stephens-Adamson Manufacturing Company, of Aurora, Ill., for their Canadian plant. Cash was paid for the local plant and possession was taken on Monday. The employees and staff of the Marsh Company will be retained by the new company and experts will be sent from Aurora. Announcement of the completion of negotiations was made by the industrial commissioner on Friday afternoon.

Napanee Women's Institute.

The N. W. I. has been fortunate in securing Miss Ethel Preston, of the Fruit Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, to give demonstrations in the canning of strawberries (by a process which retains their natural color and deliciousness) also other fruits and early vegetables. She will give us two afternoons, May 31st and June 1st, at 2.30 each day, in the Town Hall. Miss Preston needs no special introduction, as she was with us two days last fall. Her splendid demonstration lectures crowded our rooms and were immeasurably appreciated. A silver collection will be asked. Everybody is welcome.

Presentation to Rev. J. H.-H. Coleman.

The congregation of St. Mary Magdalene church gathered in the school room of the church on Thursday evening in a re-union to bid farewell to Rev. J. H. H. and Mrs. Coleman, who leave shortly for Kingston, where Mr. Coleman will assume charge of St. Paul's church. Mr. W. S. Herrington, K.C., was the chairman for the occasion and in his remarks referred in feeling terms to the loss which St. Mary Magdalene's church, congregation and citizens of Napanee will suffer in the removal from Napanee of Mr. and Mrs. Coleman, whose faithful services during the past twelve years are keenly appreciated by the congregation. Mr. and Mrs. Coleman were taken completely by surprise when Mr. Herrington, on behalf of the congregation, presented them with a chesterfield suite. Mr. Coleman expressed the deep appreciation of himself and his wife for the gift and the kind expression which accompanied the gift. A short musical program, followed by a lunch rounded out a very entertaining program.

Congress Playing Cards, recognized as the finest in the world, $1.00 a package in either Bridge or ordinary. Other cards 40 and 50c. at Wallace's Drug Store.

Consoling Thought.

Country Vicar (to widow whose best pig has died)—Well, you know, Mrs. Higgs, these little troubles are sent us by Providence for our good.

Mrs. Higgs—Oh, yes, sir. But what a comfort it is to know that there's one above as won't let Providence go too far!—Toronto Globe.

Illnesses Cause Intoxication.

Symptoms very similar to those of intoxication can be caused by any one of sixteen different illnesses.

Rheumatism occurs more frequently in those districts which lie very little above sea-level.

The Waltz.

The waltz originated in Bohemia in Central Europe, now part of the republic of Czechoslovakia. The waltz was introduced into England in 1813. Musically a waltz is a piece of music in triple time to accompany the dance. The term waltz is also applied to a classical form of composition in triple time.

Food for Lizards and Frogs.

Cockroaches of an American species, each nearly two inches in length are reared at the London Zoo to provide food for the lizards and frogs.

Don't Be Too Comfortable.

Sitting too comfortably may have a bad effect on the spinal column, which benefits from an erect carriage either in walking or sitting.

Golfing Supplies.

We are in a position to offer a complete set of clubs, including Driver, Mid-iron, Mashie, and Putter, for only $8.75.

Brassie may be substituted for Driver, or Niblic for Mashie.

With White Canvas Caddie Bag the same set sells at $10.75, and with heavier bags, can be supplied at $12.75 up.

This set is of good quality, and will give the beginner the best of service. These clubs can be supplied separately.

Ask our prices on all Golfing Supplies.

PAUL'S BOOKSTORE

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. W. R. Tanton, Pastor.

10.30 a.m.—Public Worship.
11.35 a.m.—Church School and Bible Classes.
6.30—Organ recital.
7.00 p.m.—Evening worship.

CAMDEN EAST.

The sunshine is very much appreciated after many days of rain.

R.J. Osler received two carloads of flour and feed which were unloaded this week.

The Daverin Paper Co. was sold by public auction at Napanee on May 14th. It is reported to have been purchased by a bank in Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. John Tipson left last week to spend a limited time at Toronto and other places.

James Skinner is having the exterior of his residence improved by a fresh coat of paint.

Rev. and Mrs. Moffatt were recent callers in the village.

Mr. Robert Lockwood, of St. Thomas, was renewing former acquaintances in the village on Monday, after an absence of many years. Sympathy is extended to Mr. Lockwood in the loss of his wife, whose remains were brought to Newburgh for burial.

C. B. DALY,
Executor.

Always fresh — Your favorite Laura Secord Candy, direct from the Toronto studio, at Wallace's, 60c. a lb.

ASSURANCE

THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS-TIERNEY UNDERTAKERS
FULL MOTOR EQUIPMENT
AMBULANCE SERVICE

Notice.

The insurance business formerly conducted by the late M. C. Bogart has been taken over by J. W. Metzler.

19-f

MOSCOW

Mrs. Robertson, President of the Provincial Federation of Ontario, visited the branch of the Women's Institute at Moscow on May 18th, at the home of Mrs. George Huffman. Miss Georgie Huffman rendered a piano solo, and Mrs. W. A. Reid and Mrs. W. L. Shangraw a vocal duet, followed by community singing.

Mrs. Robertson addressed the meeting, taking for her subject, "Rural Builders."—Building today the road to to-morrow, through and by the Federated Women's Institute of Canada; Mrs. Robertson spoke of the prosperous condition of the Women's Institute, the first one being organized at Stoney Creek in 1897, thirty years after Confederation. Today there are 1,050 branches in Ontario.

A vote of thanks was tendered Mrs. Robertson for her very inspiring and interesting address, also Mrs. Huffman for the use of her beautiful home. Tea was served.

DESERONTO.

Mr. Bruce Stoddart, of Belleville, spent the week-end in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McNeil, of Yarker, were callers in town on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Mein Tuffman, of Ottawa, are spendin ga few days in town renewing acquaintances.

Mr. Walter MacDonald, Jr., of Toronto, is visiting friends in town.

Miss Stella Davis, of Albany, N. Y., is spending a few days in town.

The C. N. R. gravel trains are now making two and three trips per day from Point Anne for the road bed.

The local fish buyers are receiving few fish these days. The most common fish offered for sale now is the carp, prices for this fish ranging from three cents a pound down.

Mr. Thomas Hetherington, of Belleville, is spending the week-end in town.

Mr. E. C. Metcalfe has installed one new viner in his pea shed at the local canning factory, and two new vineres at his vining station in Napanee. Everything points to a record output by the factory this year.

Mr. Frank Whitton was a business caller in Toronto on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Johnston, of Peterboro, are spending a few days in town.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

Lewis Stone, Barbara Bedford and Ann Rork are the featured players of a notable cast in "The Notorious Lady," the Sam E. Rork production for First National.

Also two good comedies.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

A vivid picture of modern warfare, amid the wreckage of an abandoned village in France, is shown in Tom Mix's latest starring vehicle, "THE CANYON OF LIGHT."

Also a two reel comedy.
And a two reel Western.

MONDAY AND TUESDAY

Mary Philbin's latest starring vehicle in "FIFTH AVENUE MODELS," a Universal-Jewel adaption of the famous novel by Muriel Hine.

And a special comedy.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop.
Napanee's Leading Theatre
The Home of Good Photo Plays.

A "Case" of Good Judgement

It is merely a "case" of good judgment you will say and your friends too when you order a "case" of Old Tower Ale or Porter. A perfectly aged blend of the choicest malt and hops.

OLD TOWER

ALE and PORTER

4-4

Lake Ontario Brewing Co. Limited - - Kingston, Ont.

Speed

—in cooking makes the Beach Range the natural choice

FOR it adds quick heat to the other joys of electric cookery.

No more weary waiting for dishes to cook, kettles to boil, if you have a Beach Electric Range. It saves time, fuel and temper—all because of the scientifically constructed element, which gives rapid heat when you need it and focusses it on the cooking utensils.

The Beach is designed for durability and economy, too. Burner and terminal troubles are practically eliminated.

Examine a Beach range at any Beach dealer's and you will be convinced.

BEACH FOUNDRY LIMITED
OTTAWA TORONTO WINNIPEG CALGARY VANCOUVER

Beach Electric RANGES

A sample of the Beach Range may be seen at any time at

Vine's Electric Store

Market Square Napanee, Ont.

Lumber Camp Cook favors Magic

When sturdy men leave their cosy homes for the woods, they often find that the camp cook is just as firm a believer in Magic Baking Powder as are their wives.

Mrs. Ed. Marsh, Everard P.O., writes:—

"I have been using Magic Baking Powder for many years, also my husband has lumbering camps and he always uses it. He would not have any other kind."

You can always rely on Magic Baking Powder. Its quality is always uniform. There is no other "just the same".

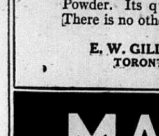
E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD.
TORONTO, CANADA

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

THE NOTORIOUS JUMPING FROG OF CALAVERAS COUNTY

By Mark Twain

Twenty-four famous authors were asked recently to name the best short story in the English language. The choice of Owen Johnson was "The Notorious Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," by Mark Twain, whose complete works are published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.



MARK TWAIN

OWEN JOHNSON

IN compliance with the request of a friend of mine who wrote from the east, I called on good natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler and inquired after my friend's friend, Leonidas W. Smiley, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. I have a lurking suspicion that Leonidas W. Smiley is a myth; that my friend never knew such a person, and that he only conjectured that if I asked old Wheeler about him it would remind him of his infamous Jim Smiley, and he would go to work and bore me to death with some exasperating reminiscence of him as long and as tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design it succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the barroom stove of the dilapidated tavern in the decayed mining camp of Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up and gave me good day. I told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood, named Leonidas W. Smiley, Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, a young minister of the gospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angel's Camp. I added that if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, I would feel under many obligations to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair and then sat down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed the voice from its one gentle key to which he toned his initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm, but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in finesse. I let him go on in his own way and never interrupted him once.

"Rev. Leonidas W.—him—Rev. Le—Well, there was a feller here once by the name of Jim Smiley in the winter of '49, or maybe it was the spring of '50, I don't recollect exactly somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume wasn't finished when he first come to the camp. But anyway he was the curiousest man about, always betting on anything that turned up you ever see if he could get anybody to bet on the other side, and if he couldn't he'd change sides. Any way that suited the other side would suit him. Just so's he got a bet he was satisfied.

"But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky. He most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance. There couldn't be no solitary thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it and take any side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse race you'd find him flush or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog fight he'd bet on it; if there was a cat fight he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken fight he'd bet on it. Why, if there was two birds setting on a fence he would bet you which one would fly first, or if there was a camp meeting he would be there reg'lar to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here, and so he was, too, and a good man.

"If he ever see a straddle bug start to go anywheres he would bet you how long it would take him to get to—to wherever he was going to, and if you took him up he would foller that straddle bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to him—he'd bet anything the dangest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once for a good while, and it seemed as if they weren't going to save her. But one morning he came in, and Smiley up and asked him how she was, and he said she was considerable better, thank the Lord for his inf'nit mercy, and coming on so smart that, with the blessing of Prov'dence, she'd get well yet. And Smiley before he thought says, 'Well, I'll resk $2.50 she don't any way.'

"Thish yer Smiley had a mare the boys called her the fifteen minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because, of course, she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma or the distemper or the consumption or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards' start and then pass her under way, but always at the fag end of the race she'd get excited and desperate-like and come cavorting and straddling up and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences and kicking up m-o-r-e dust and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose, and always fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cipher it down.

"And he had a little small bull pup that to look at him you'd think he warn't worth a cent but to set around, look ornery and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was up on him he was a different dog. His underjaw'd begin to stick out like the f'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover and shine like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him and bullyrag him and bite him and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson—which was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what he was satisfied and hadn't expected nothing else and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time till the money was all up, and then all of a sudden he would grab the other dog just by the j'int of his hind leg and freeze to it, not close, you understand, but only just grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year.

"Smiley always come out winner on that pup till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off in a circular saw, and when the thing had gone far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet bolt, he seen in a minute how he'd been imposed on and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He give Smiley a look as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was his fault, for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have stood a show in any company for himself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him and he had genius. I know it, because he had no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n and the way it turned out.

"Well, this yer Smiley had rat-tarriers and chicken cocks and tomcats and all them kind of things till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day and took him home and said he calculated to educate him, and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet he did learn him too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset or maybe a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flatfooted and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of ketching flies and keep' him in practice so constant that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him.

"Smiley said all a frog wanted was education and he could do most anything, and I believed him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, 'Flies, Dan'l, flies!' And quicker'n you could wink he'd spring straight up and snake a fly off'n the counter there and slap down on the floor ag'in as solid as a gob of mud and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot, as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doing any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightforward as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his inches you ever see. Jump? Why, he could jump down anything in this county. He could jump over a mile if he got a good start, and could get better holt with his hind legs than any frog that ever hopped. Why, if he got his back up and his dander was raised high, he'd think nothing of contesting the holt with a jackass, and as for dodging a fly, you couldn't get a holt on him. Dodge? He'd dodge a streak of lightning. He'd stand with his head one side for an hour, like he was considering which fly he would take, and you might prance around him and hit at him with a straw and he never would budge till you had the fly, and when he got ready he would nail that fly or know the reason why. Parson Walker's wife she used to fret herself sick about the frog, because he was always in the way, and was under people's feet. Lots of times she would have liked to throw him out of doors, but she never did, because she was afraid of him, for Smiley was always a mighty hard man to have any of his property disturbed, and so was the parson. Smiley thought all the world of that frog, and bragged about his intelligence and his capacity for fair play till it got to be plumb wearisome.

"Smiley backed his frog once on a exhibition scale against any frog in Calaveras county, and the fellers got him up in front of his box and got down their money and put up their forty dollars along with Smiley's and set down to wait.

"So he sat there a good while thinking and thinking to himself, and then he got the frog out and pried his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot, filled him pretty near up to his chin and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the window and stopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog and fetched him in and give him to this feller and says:

"'Now, if you're ready set him alongside of Dan'l, with his forepaws just even with Dan'l's, and I'll give the word.' Then he says, 'One—two—three—git!' And him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind and the new frog hopped off lively, but Dan'l give a heave and hysted up his shoulders so, like a Frenchman, but it warn't no use, he couldn't budge. He was planted as solid as a church, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted, too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

"The feller took the money and started away, and when he was going out at the door he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder, so at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, 'Well, he says, 'I don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog.'

"Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, 'I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw's off for! I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him! He 'pears to look mighty baggy somehow.' And he ketched Dan'l by the nape of the neck and hefted him and says, 'Why, blame my cats, if he don't weigh five pound!' and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man. He set the frog down and took out after the feller, but he never ketched him, and—

(Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard and got up to see what was wanted.) Turning to me as he moved away, he said, "Just set where you are, stranger, and rest easy. I ain't goin' to be gone a second."

But by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond, Jim Smiley, would be likely to afford me much information concerning the Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he buttonholed me and recommenced:

"Well, this yer Smiley had a yaller one eyed cow that didn't have no tail, only just a short stump like a bannaner, and—"

However, lacking both time and inclination, I did not wait to hear about the afflicted cow, but took my leave.

Health of the Mind.

To be made whole is to be healed in both body and mind. Bodily healing alone does not suffice, for unless there is a change of mind also disease will again manifest itself in some form in the body, and the second condition of the patient may become worse than the first. On the other hand, a change of mind is quickly manifested in the body, and if we have been "transformed by the renewing of our mind" the change is quickly evidenced by the restoration of the body to health and harmony.—Unity.

The Name "Tennis."

Numerous suggestions have been put forward for the derivation of the word "tennis." Perhaps the most likely is that it is an anglicised form of "tenez" ("take it"), a term frequently used by the French in their ancient game of jeu de paume or palm play.

Liable to Dust Explosions.

Grain elevators, feed mills, sugar refineries, and starch factories are particularly liable to dust explosions.

Before We Had Clocks.

Before the invention and manufacture of watches and clocks, men often fashioned several devices for recording the hour of the day.

The sundial is the earliest instrument of the kind and candleclasses were used from an early date.

Alfred the Great used graduated candles, the burning of which marked the passage of time.

The early watches were made in curious shapes, such as pears, skulls, purses, and crosses. They were set in the heads of canes, some in bracelets and other pieces of jewellery. These instruments had to be wound at least twice daily, and differed from the correct time by about an hour a day.

It was not until the discovery of the balance-wheel in 1658, by which the mainspring unwinds itself evenly and regularly, that they could be relied upon to record the correct time.

BUSHMAN PICTURE PUZZLE.

Carvings In Rhodesia are "Clearly and Typically Egyptian."

About forty miles east of Fort Victoria in Rhodesia have been discovered quite recently, some wonderful bushman carvings, which are of an entirely different type to those usually seen, says a writer in the London Daily Mail.

Dr. S. P. Impey, of Cape Town, a leading South African authority on rock paintings, has declared them to be "clearly and typically Egyptian," but other experts are recommending careful study of the drawings before any final opinion is formed.

The drawings were found by two Rhodesians while resting on an isolated farm. They were done on the roof of a shallow cave, and are reclaimed as quite different from any bushman paintings, of which there are many, found hitherto in South Africa.

The chief group of figures, nine in number, are regarded as representing men with white skins and (natural or dyed) red hair. Seven of them are wearing clothing and two are naked. Some of the figures appear to be wearing head coverings, and on some it is not clear if head covering or hair is meant to be shown. One figure apparently has long hair down to the waist.

Mr. H. N. Wilson, who has a wide acquaintance with native and bushman study, has examined the "paintings" for the Johannesburg Star and copied some of them. He thinks that:

The race depicted is a white race.

The men wear clothing of a kind not worn by Bantu, Hottentot, Bushman, Arab, or Indian.

They wear head coverings of a most distinctive type, or dress their hair in a most distinctive fashion.

Assuming that the artist was a Bushman, he considered these men of sufficient interest to try to depict them as they actually were, instead of making the more or less conventional marks often used, meaning "these are men."

The important point is: What race do the pictures represent? Gold miners of ancient times are believed to have had headquarters at Zimbabwe, about 100 miles from Victoria, and legends connects them with Egypt.

The possibility of the paintings proving a hoax has not been ruled out by the experts, but the balance of opinion seems to incline towards regarding them as representing some ancient race which was not typical of South Africa.

Ascension Island.

Ascension, an isolated island in the South Atlantic Ocean, 760 miles from St. Helena and 900 miles from Cape Palmas on the African coast, is of volcanic origin, and the peak of its mountain ridge rises to a height of 2,820 feet. The island is said to have been discovered by a Portuguese named Galleco on Ascension Day, 1501. The extreme length of the island is 7¼ miles, and its extreme breadth 6 miles, and it has an area of about 38 square miles. Being situated in the heart of the region visited by the southeast trade winds, its climate is dry and salubrious up to an altitude of 3,800 feet, but above that height the air is damp and fogs prevail.

The island remained uninhabited until 1815, when the British took possession of it, and administered it by the Board of Admiralty until 1922 as a Naval Office. Georgetown, on the north-west coast, is the capital.

A "Carat" of Gold.

"Carat" is a corruption of a word that used to stand for a particular sort of tiny seed. As these seeds were always exactly the same size, they became a recognized standard of weight for such small articles as jewellery and precious stones. In the weighing of gold, 24 of these carats went to one special coin, now long obsolete.

To-day the term carat has nothing to do with the actual weight of gold, but refers to its purity or quality only. In itself gold is too soft for common use, and has therefore generally to be mixed with some other metal, and when people talk of "22-carat" gold we mean that out of 24 parts of it 22 are really gold. As a matter of fact, even this alloy of 2 parts in 24 is too soft for coinage, the metal is barely sufficient, and 22-carat is seldom used. 18, 15, or even 9-carat being far more common.

Films Under Foundation Stones.

Although it is an established custom for the builder to place a box to be placed under foundation stones, it was not until recently that a film found such a resting place. A few weeks ago film pictures of the King and Queen and members of the Royal Family were placed under the foundation stone of a new film studio at Shepherd's Bush.

When Cleopatra's Needle was set up on the Thames Embankment in 1878, portraits of reigning "Beauties" were placed beneath it in a sealed and airtight box. Many "bottled" bromide prints and enlargements were also left in the foundations of the new premises of the then well-known photographic firm of Morgan and Kidd in 1891.

Drunk on Water is a Possibility

Washington, May 19. (U. P.)—Water, drunk in sufficient quantities is intoxicating, according to Dr. A. M. Snell and Dr. L. G. Rountree, of Rochester, N.Y., attending the conference of the Association for the Study of Internal Secretions.

Five or six gallons taken every day will eventually produce a "jag" similar to that brought on by indulging in too much liquor, it is said.

The doctors pointed out the case of a man with an obsession for drinking water, who developed a case of drunkenness with some of the manifestations of epilepsy.

A scientific gent, dear Howard F.,
Makes you and Hanna look like Mutt and Jeff
Doubtless you want to know what is the matter?
Why simply this—a "Jak" from slear water.

Why should a chap, feeling fresh and frisky,
Get a permit for a dose of whiskey?
And throw away two solid bursted plunks,
As if he owned real wealth in solid chunks.

Another thought that comes to average man,
Is the injustice of the permit plan;
Charging small purchaser and large alike,
This is enough to start a thirsty strike.

Yet one need not unduly suffer worry,
When one can reach water in a hurry;
And draw six gallons for a jolly spree,
Unlike lemon or bootleg, 'twould be free.

Long years ago we had good license laws,
Which like all man-made systems had their flaws,
That was straight business, not much fol-di-rol;
A better mode than Government Control.

AQUA PURA.

The Objects of Service Clubs

In practically all towns and communities there are now Service Clubs of various kinds, which, while perhaps devoting a great part of their energies to specific lines of endeavor, nevertheless have one outstanding predominating characteristic common to all. That is the establishing between man and man, whether competitor or not, whether rich or poor, whether of high or low degree in the community, a spirit of co-operation, good will and mutual helpfulness. It is becoming daily more evident that much more can be accomplished, and much better conditions established, if men will work in harmony; if they will help and support each other; if they will so conduct their affairs as to be reasonably fair to all with whom they may have business dealings.

The principle can best be exemplified, so far as business and professional men are concerned, by extending to each other in any community such business patronage as we may have to hand out, rather than to extend such favors to those from distant towns or cities. Give to your home business houses all the patronage you possibly can.

When in need of printed matter of any kind, consult

The Napanee Express Printing House

Issued by the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association
313 Manning Chambers, Toronto.

Church Has Radio Sermons.

Mona Vale a quaint village seven miles from Sydney, N.S.Wales, has a radio church. Sunday after each Sunday evening the congregation reproduces the sermon and services of some other church and the Mona Vale congregation join in. For a long time Mona Vale had a local minister, but when he left and no substitute could be found satisfactorily the radio church was started. It is believed by a church in England which advertises as the "Radio Church with a Dial" a young man installed a wireless receiving outfit near the pulpit. The plan is said to be very successful, although some members complain that while they are Methodists they often have to receive Church of England or Australia services, as none other is broadcasted at the time.

Truth About Cinderella.

The story of Cinderella has been traced to the account of a young woman named Rhodopis, whose sandal was carried by the wind, while she was bathing in the Nile, to the feet of the Egyptian king, who offered a reward for the owner. When Rhodopis claimed her sandal the king married her.

A Freak of Nature.

It is due to one of nature's freaks that Peru owes the existence of a veritable bird "goldmine" at its door. On the various islands dotted about its shores countless fishing birds deposit guano, which is a highly-valued fertiliser all over the world.

Owing to the fact that rain never falls along the whole 1500 miles of the coastline this valuable deposit lies up and keeps its wonderful qualities undiminished.

Tailor-Bird.

The tailor-bird is found in southern Asia and the Malay Archipelago. It constructs its nest by fastening together, with pieces of vegetable fibre, wool, etc., two or more hanging leaves. The nest is usually placed at the extremity of a slender branch, and is thus protected from attack.

A Fast Dog.

The greyhound is a fast dog. There is a record of one of these hounds running a quarter of a mile in 25 2-5ths seconds.

Thirty Thousand Feet Up.

Clouds travel at immense heights. "Marc's-tails" for instance, are found 30,000 feet up.

CANADA'S THREE SCORE YEARS OF NATIONHOOD

Very literally are the Provinces of Canada bound together by bands of steel. As a matter of fact, British Columbia became a Province of the Dominion in 1871 under promise of railway connection, though the actual linking-up did not become a reality till 1885. The enormous development of railroading has been one of the outstanding features of the sixty years that have elapsed since Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia united under one central government in 1867. At that time the new-born Dominion boasted 2,278 miles of track; it has over 42,500 miles today. In equipment, too, the evolution has been great. The old wood-burner of 1867, though capable of very creditable speed, was a pigmy in size, weight and strength, compared with the huge locomotives of today. Mr. C. W. Jeffreys, Canada's foremost historical artist, here graphically depicts the changes that have taken place.

Partners of the Tide

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN, Author of "Cap'n Eri"

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Enjoyment and Benefit!

While you are *enjoying* Wrigley's, you are getting *benefit* as well.

WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM

After every meal

CHAPTER I.

"WAS you ca'latin' to buy one of them turnovers, bub?" casually inquired Mr. Clark, ceasing to gaze at his steaming boots, which were planted against the bulging center of the station stove, and turning toward the boy at the lunch counter.

"Yes, sir," said the boy. He had taken off one worsted mitten and held a five cent piece clutched tightly in his red fist.

The station agent wrapped the pastry in a piece of newspaper and handed it to his customer.

The boy, a youngster of about twelve years of age, with a freckled face and a pair of bright gray eyes, took his "turnover" to the settee in the corner of the waiting room and began to eat. He had on a worn cloth cap with an attachment that could be pulled down to cover the ears and a shabby overcoat of man's size, very much too large for him. As he munched the greasy crust and the thin layer of "evaporated" apple he looked around him with interest.

The station itself was like the average railway building on Cape Cod. Except for the sign "Wellmouth" and the name of the village painted on a board hung outside it might have been the station at Wellmouth, which he had seen so often. Battered settees around the walls; lithographs of steamers, time tables and year old announcements of excursions and county fairs hung above them; big stove set in a box of sawdust—all these were the regulation fixtures. Regulation also were the "refreshments" on the counter at the side—"turnovers" arranged cobhouse fashion under a glass cover, with a dingy "Washington" pie under another cover and jars of striped stick candy, with boxes of "jawbreakers" and similar sweetmeats between.

It was snowing hard, and in the dusk of the winter evening the flakes rustled against the windows as if unseen old ladies in starched summer gowns were shivering in the storm and crowding to get a peep within. The air in the station waiting room smelled of hot stove, sawdust, wet clothing and Mr. Clark's cigar. To this collection of perfumes was presently added the odor of kerosene as the station agent lit the big lamps in their brackets on the wall.

From outside came the sounds of creaking wheels and stamping horses, the stamping muffled by the snow which covered the ground.

The door opened, and a big man with a face of which gray whiskers and red nose were the most prominent features came stamping and pulling into the room. He jerked off a pair of leather gloves, playfully shook the congealed moisture from them down Mr. Clark's neck inside his collar, tossed a long whip into the corner and, holding his spread fingers over the stove, began to sing "Whoa, Emma!" with enthusiasm.

Mr. Clark, being too busy clawing the melting snow from his neck to open a conversation, Mr. Bodkin observed: "Hello, Barney Small! How's the trav'l in? Have a rough time drivin' over?"

"Oh, middlin', middlin'," replied the driver of the Orham stage, unbuttoning his overcoat and reaching for his pipe. "But, 'scuttin' a ton of bricks anyhow, so what's the odds so long' you're happy. Hello, Dan!" The last a shouted greeting to the station agent in the little room, whose answer was a wave of the hand and a sidelong nod across the telegraph instrument.

"What's doin' over in Orham, Barney?" inquired Mr. Clark.

"Prissy and Temp's adopted a boy." The agent evidently was interested.

"The old maids?"

"Yup, the old maids. I s'pose they come to realize that they needed a man 'round the house, but as there won't no bids in that line they sort of compromised on a boy."

"You don't mean the Allen old maids that live down on the lower road," do you?" asked Mr. Bodkin.

"Sartin. I said the old maids, didn't I? There's plenty of single women in Orham, but when you say 'the old maids' in our town everybody knows you mean Prissy and Tempy."

"What about the boy, Barney?" said the station agent, coming into the waiting room.

"Why," said Mr. Small, "it's this way: Seems that Prissy and Tempy's father, old Cap'n D'rius Allen—he's been dead six years or more now—had a niece name of Sophia, that married Cap'n Ben Nickerson over to Wellmouth. Cap'n Ben and Sophy had one son. I think the boy's name's Bradley. Anyhow Cap'n Ben and his wife was drowned off the Portuguese coast two years ago when Ben's bark was lost. Maybe you remember? Well, the boy was left at home that voyage with Ben's ha'f brother, Solon Nickerson, so's the youngster could go to school. When his folks was drowneded that way the boy kept on livin', with Solon till 'bout three weeks ago Solon was took with pneumony and up and died. Prissy and Tempy's the only relations there was, you see, so it was left to them to say what should be done with the boy. I ca'late there must have been some high old powwowin' in the old house, but the old maids are pretty conscientious spite of their bein' so eccentric' old maids, and they finally decided 'twas their duty to take the little feller to bring up. That's the way I heard the yarn. They kept it a secret until yesterday, but now the whole town's talkin' 'bout it. You see, it's such a good joke for them two to have a boy in the house. Why, Prissy's been used to shoofin' every stray boy off the place as if he was a hen."

Mr. Small laughed so heartily at this that the others joined in. When the hilarity had subsided the station agent asked:

"When's the Nickerson boy comin' over from Wellmouth?"

"Why, today, come to think of it. He was to come up on the afternoon train from Wellmouth and go to Orham with me tonight. You ain't seen nothin' "—

The station agent interrupted him with a sidelong movement of the head.

"Huh?" queried Mr. Small. Then he, in company with Mr. Clark and Mr. Bodkin, turned toward the corner of the waiting room.

The boy who had bought the apple "turnover," having finished the last crumb of that viand, had turned to the window and was looking out through a hole he had scraped in the frost on the pane. He had shaded his face with his hands to shut out the lamplight, and, though he must have heard the conversation, his manner betrayed no interest in it.

Mr. Small interrogated the station agent by raising his eyebrows. The agent whispered, "Shouldn't wonder," and added, "He came on the up train this afternoon."

"Hey, boy," said Mr. Clark, who never let consideration for other people interfere with his own curiosity, "what's your name?"

The boy turned from the window and, blinking a little as the light struck his eyes, faced the group by the stove. His freckled cheeks glistened as the light shone upon them; but, as if he knew this, he pulled the big sleeve of the coat across his face, and rubbed them dry.

"What's your name, sonny?" said the stage driver kindly.

"Nickerson," said the boy in a low tone.

"I want to know. Your first name ain't Bradley, is it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sho, well, there now! Guess you're goin' to ride over with me then. I drive the Orham coach. Hum, well, I declare!" And Mr. Small pulled his beard in an embarrassed fashion.

"Come over to the stove and get warm, won't you?" asked the station agent.

"I ain't cold," was the reply.

The trio by the stove fidgeted in silence for a few moments, and then Mr. Small said amusingly: "Ain't it 'most time for that train to be in? She's a ha'f hour late now."

"She was twenty-five minutes late at Sandwich," said the station agent, "and she's prob'ly lost ten minutes or so since. She'll be along in a little while now."

But in spite of this cheerful prophecy a full fifteen minutes passed before the train, which had been started from

"What's your name, sonny?"

Boston with the vague idea that some time or other it might get to Provincetown, came coughing and panting round the curve and drew up at the station platform. Only one passenger got out at the Harniss station, and he, stopping for a moment to hand his trunk check to the station agent, walked briskly into the waiting room and slammed the door behind him.

"Hello!" he hailed, pulling off a buckskin glove and holding out a big hand to the stage driver. "Barney, how's she headin'?"

Mr. Small grinned and took the proffered hand.

"Well, for the land's sake, Ex Titcomb!" he exclaimed. "Where'd you drop from? Thought you was somewheres off the coast between New York and Portland 'bout now."

"Got shore leave for a forth't or so," said the newcomer, unbuttoning his overcoat with a smart jerk and throwing it wide open. "Schooner sprung a leak off Gay head last trip, and she's hauled up at East Boston for repairs. Dirty weather, ain't it? Hello, Lon! How are you, Ike?"

Mr. Clark and his friend grinned and responded. "How are you, Cap'n Ex?" in unison.

The arrival was a short, thickset man with a sunburned face, sharp eyes, hair that was a reddish brown sprinkled with gray and a close clipped mustache of the same color. He wore a blue overcoat over a blue suit and held a cigar firmly in one corner of his mouth. His manner was very quick and sharp and he snapped out his sentences with vigor.

"Full cargo tonight?" he asked of Mr. Small, who was buttoning his overcoat and pulling on his gloves.

"Pretty nigh an empty hold," was the reply. "Only 'bout one and a ha't goin' over. You're the one, and he ain't here's the ha't. All aboard! Come on, Brad. You and the cap'n git inside, while me and Dan git the dunnage on the rack."

The boy picked up the carpet bag and followed Mr. Small out to the platform of the station, where the coach, an old fashioned, dingy vehicle, drawn by four sleepy horses, stood waiting.

Captain Titcomb followed, his overcoat flapping in the wind.

"Here, Barney," he observed, "have a cigar to smoke on the road. Have one, Dan? Here, Lon; here's a couple for you and Ike. Who's the little feller I'm added in a whisper to the station agent.

"Ben Nickerson's boy from Wellmouth. He's comin' down to Orham to live with the old maids. They've adopted him."

"The old maids? Not the old maids? Not Prissy and Tempy?"

"Yup. All right, Barney; I'm comin'."

The station agent hurried away to help the driver with the captain's sea chest, and its owner, apparently overcome with astonishment, climbed meekly into the coach, where his fellow passenger had preceded him.

The old vehicle rocked and groaned as the heavy chest was strapped on the racks behind. Then it tipped again as Mr. Small climbed clumsily to the driver's seat.

"All ashore that's goin' shore!" shouted Mr. Small. "So long, Dan. Git dap, Two-forty!"

The whip cracked, the coach reeled on its springs, and the whole equipage disappeared in the snow and blackness.

* * * * * * * *

The boy, Bradley Nickerson, had never ridden in a stage coach before, and after ten or fifteen minutes of jolt and roll he decided that he never wanted to ride in one again.

Suddenly Captain Titcomb, who had been silent, spoke, or, rather, spoke.

"Heavy sea on tonight," he observed. "Tears to me Barney'd better take a reef. She's rollin' considerable."

The boy laughed and said, "Yes, sir."

"Goin' all the way to Orham?" asked the captain.

"Yes, sir."

"Got folks over there, I presume likely. Friends or nothin' but jest relations?"

"Relations, I—I guess."

"So! Well, I've got a good many relations myself, for that matter. Fact is, I've got relations, scenes to me, most everywheres. Father used to have so many of 'em that when he went visitin' he used to call it 'goin' consdinin'.' That's minus Titcomb. What do they call you when your back ain't turned?"

The boy laughed again in a puzzled way—he scarcely knew what to make of his questioner—and said that his name was Bradley Nickerson.

"Nickerson, hey? That settles it; you're a Cape Codder. Minute I meet anybody named Nickerson I always know they've got the same kind of sand in their You didn't hear any of Obed Nickerson's folks you're goin' to see?"

"No, sir. I'm goin' to live with Miss Priscilla Allen. Her and her sister. They was a cousin of mother's people."

"Sho, well I swan!" muttered the captain. "Prissy and Tempy, hey? Then Dan wa'n't foolin'. And you're goin' to live with 'em?"

"Yes, sir. Do you know 'em?"

"Who—me? Oh, yes! I know 'em. I'm a particular friend of theirs—that is," he added cautiously, "I call on 'em once in awhile just to say 'How are you?' Why? You didn't hear any of them fellers at the depot say anything 'bout me and them did you? No! Well, all right, I jest thought— Oh, yes! I know 'em. Nice folks as ever was, but what you might call a little mite 'set in their ways.' Do you always wipe your feet when you come into the house?"

"Why—why—yes, sir, if I don't forget it."

"All right. It's a good habit to git into especially if you're goin' to walk on Prissy's floors. Sometimes I've wished I could manage to put my feet in my pocket when I've been there. I wonder if I knew your father? What was his name?"

Bradley told his father's name and in response to the captain's tactful questioning a good deal more besides. In fact, before long Captain Titcomb knew all about the boy, where he came from, how he happened to come and all the rest. And Bradley for his part learned that his companion commanded the coasting schooner Thomas Roane, that he had been a sailor ever since he was fourteen, that he had a marvelous fund of sea yarns and knew how to spin them and that he (Bradley) liked him.

By and by the captain noticed that the boy's replies to his cheerful observations were growing rather incoherent, and, suspecting the reason, he ceased to talk. A few minutes later he leaned forward and smiled to find his fellow traveler, who had slipped down upon the cushion, fast asleep.

When Bradley awoke Captain Titcomb was standing on the ground by the open door of the coach.

"Good night, Brad," he said. "Here's where I'm bound for. You've got a five minute ride or so more 'fore you git to the old man—that is, to Prissy and Tempy's. I'll see you to-morrow. You and me's goin' to be chums, you know."

The door was shut. Mr. Small struck up "Canntown Races," and the stage bumped on again. This time the boy did not sleep, but, holding to the side strap, tried to peer through the snow crusted window. He saw a light here and there, but little else. After a short interval the coach turned a sharp corner, rolled on for perhaps twice its length and then stopped.

Mr. Small opened the door, and Bradley, looking past him, saw the side of a large house and a lighted doorway, with two female figures, one plump and the other slender, standing in it. From behind them the lamplight streamed warm and bright and sent their shadows almost to his feet.

"Come on, bub," said the stage driver. "Here's where you git out. Look spry," he shouted, "here's your new boarder."

CHAPTER II.

THE plump woman, whom Mr. Small had addressed as Miss Prissy, was counting into the stage driver's palm a sum in small change from a portentous black wallet that fastened with a strap.

"Good night," said the driver, pocketing the money, with a grunt and a jingle. Like the boy, he had been very careful not to step off the mat. "Good night, Miss Tempy. Snow's lettin' up a little mite. Guess 'twill be clear by mornin'. Good night, Brad."

The plump lady closed the door behind him just in time to shut out the opening notes of the "Sweet By and By." Then she dropped the big wallet into the staple, wound the leather strap carefully about the wallet, placed the latter in a compartment of a tall chest of drawers in the corner, turned the key upon it and put the key under the alabaster candlestick on the mantel. Then she turned to the boy, who, holding his carpet bag with both hands, still stood uneasily on the mat, while the slim lady fidgeted in front of him.

"Bradley," said the plump lady—she was dressed in some sort of black material that rustled and wore a lace collar and earrings and a brooch with a braided lock of hair in the center of it —"Bradley, we're real glad to see you. I'm Miss Priscilla; this is my sister, Miss Temperance."

"Yes, Bradley," coincided "Miss Tempy," "we're real glad to see you." She was the younger of the two and was gowned in what the boy learned later was her "brown poplin." Her hair was not worn plain, like her sister's, but had a little bunch of curls over each ear. She also wore a hair breastpin, but her earrings were gold.

Bradley shook the extended hands, Miss Tempy's red and dimpled and Miss Tempy's thin and white, with two old fashioned rings on the fingers.

"Won't you—won't you set down?" ventured Miss Tempy after a rather awkward pause.

"Why, yes, of course," said Miss Prissy, "and take your things right off —do."

Bradley placed the carpetbag on the corner of the mat and pulled off the shabby overcoat. The jacket and trousers beneath were also shabby, but it was at his shoes that Miss Prissy glanced, and, oddly enough, their condition appeared to weak the spinster.

"My goodness me!" she ejaculated. "Jest look at his poor feet, Tempy Allen! Come right over to the stove this minute and take off those shoes. They're drippin' wet enough to—"

"No, ma'am," protested the boy. "They ain't, honest. They only look so."

"Don't tell me!" commanded Miss Prissy. "Go right over to the stove this minute."

Bradley reluctantly obeyed, stepping gingerly across the spotless oilcloth and taking as long strides as possible. It did not add to his comfort to see Miss Tempy shake the melting snow into the center of the rope mat, fold the latter carefully together and dispose it right in the kitchen.

Miss Prissy piloted him to the chintz covered rocker by the big "airtight" stove. Then she proceeded to unlace the patched brogans, commenting in an undertone upon the condition of the stockings beneath.

"I'm 'frail," said Bradley fearfully, "that I've got some snow water on your floor, ma'am."

"Don't say a word. Thank goodness your feet ain't wet as I thought they was. Put 'em right on the rail of the stove there while I go up to the garret and get those slippers of father's. Here, right back."

She hurried out of the room just as her sister entered it by the other door.

"Now, set right still," said Miss Tempy, bustling about, with the steaming teapot in her hand. "I'm goin' to make you some pepper tea. There's nothin' in the world like pepper tea when you're likely to catch cold."

"Pepper tea" was a new prescription to the boy, and he watched with interest while Miss Tempy turned some milk into a bowl, flooded it with boiling water, added a spoonful of sugar and vigorously shook the pepper box over the mess.

"There!" she said. "Now, drink that, every drop. Ain't you hungry?"

Bradley, with tears in his eyes, the result of the first swallow of pepper tea, gaspingly protested that he wasn't hungry, not very. The sight and smell of the loaded supper table were so tempting that the denial was rather half hearted.

"Not very! When did you have anything to eat last?"

"Mr. Bartlett—he's the s'leetman at Wellmouth—gave me a sandwich at the depot 'fore I started, ma'am, and I bought a turnover at Harniss."

"Lawsakes! Prissy —to her sister, who came rustling in—"he hasn't et a thing but a sandwich and a turnover since morning. Now, come right over to the table, Bradley, and set down."

As the boy ate he looked about the room. It was a big room, with a low ceiling, spotlessly whitewashed. The oilcloth on the floor was partially covered with braided rag mats, with carpet centers. On the window shades were wonderful tinsel pictures of castles and mountains. The table was black walnut, and there were five rush seated chairs, each in its place against the wall and looking as if it were glued there. The sixth of the set by the stove. Then there was the chintz covered rocker and another rocker painted black, with a worn picture of a ship at sea on the back. There was another ship over the face of the tall wooden clock in the corner. This craft was evidently the Flying Dutchman, for every time the clock ticked it rolled heavily behind a fence of tin waves, but it didn't advance an inch. On the walls were several works of art, including a spatter work motto, a wreath made of seashells under a glass and an engraving showing a boat filled with men, women and children rowed by a solemn individual in his shirt sleeves, moving over a placid sheet of water toward an unseen port.

"Cap'n Titcomb," remarked Bradley, whose bashfulness was wearing off, "came over in the coach with me tonight."

The effect of this announcement was remarkable. Miss Prissy looked at

Bradley shook the extended hands.

Miss Tempy, and the latter returned the look. Strange to say, both colored.

"Cap'n Titcomb?" faltered Miss Prissy. "Cap'n Ezra Titcomb?"

"Yes, ma'am. He talked to me 'most all the way. I liked him first rate."

"Why—why, I do declare! I didn't know the cap'n was expected, did you, Tempy?"

"No, I'm sure I didn't!" exclaimed the flustered younger sister. "Did he—did he tell you why he was comin', Bradley?"

"No, ma'am, but I heard him tell the man that drove the coach that he had shore leave for a week 'cause his schooner was laid up for repairs. He said he knew you, though, and that he was comin' round to see me tomorrer."

This remark caused quite as much embarrassment and agitation as that concerning the captain's presence in the coach. The two ladies again glanced hurriedly at each other.

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Miss Prissy, "and the settin' room not swept and the windows not washed! I'll have to get up early tomorrer mornin'. I'm so glad I fixed that ruffle on my alpace," she added in an abstracted fashion to Bradley.

"And I must finish that tidy for the sofy," said Miss Tempy nervously. "I've only got a little more to do on it, thank goodness! Prissy, I'm goin' to put an iron on. I want to press my other collar. Did—did the cap'n say anything more about me—us, I mean?" she added, looking at the stove.

"No, ma'am, he didn't," replied the boy. "He just talked about me and told stories and talked."

Miss Tempy seemed a little disappointed and made no comment. Her sister, too, was silent. Presently Bradley ventured to speak. "Please, but Miss Prissy, coming out of her trance, saw him.

"My sakes," she exclaimed, "what are we thinkin' of keepin' you up this way? It's after 9 o'clock. Let me get the lamp. Tempy, you do up that soapstone for his feet."

* * * * * * * *

Bradley was up early the next morning, and his dressing was a sort of jig, for it was freezing cold. When he went downstairs it was evident that things had been going on. Miss Prissy came out of the sitting room, bearing a broom and with her head tied up in a towel covered with an apron. Miss Tempy, her curls done up in papers, was busy with the "tidy" for the sofa. Each of the sisters was nervous and excited.

Miss Prissy was in a stiff state of mind at the breakfast table. Miss Tempy had a large cup of "pepper tea" for herself and urged Bradley to partake, but the elder sister came to the rescue and poured him out coffee and sister instead. After the meal was over and the dishes washed Miss Prissy went out to feed the hens, and Bradley went with her. The house, seen by day, was a big, square building, badly in need of paint. The roof was four sided and sloped upward to a cupola in the center. From its closely shut front door to the barn ran a long box border on parallel lines defined the path to the front gate, also locked and fastened and, like the front door, only used on occasions. There was a large tumbledown barn, with an empty pigsty in back of the house and a henhouse and yard in the rear of the barn.

Next door to the left—on the right was a vacant field—was a small story and a half cottage, separated from the Allen household by a board fence. One of the boards in this fence had fallen down, and as Bradley, wading in Miss Prissy's wake, passed this opening he saw a girl, apparently about his own age open the back door of the house next door and look out at him. He wanted to ask who she was, but didn't feel well enough acquainted with his guide to do so just yet.

Just as the dozen hens and lonesome looking rooster were fed—Miss Prissy informed him that by and by looking after the poultry would be one of his duties—Miss Tempy's voice was heard calling excitedly from the kitchen door.

"Prissy," she screamed—"Prissy, come in the house quick! He's comin'! The cap'n's comin'!"

"My land!" exclaimed the elder sister wildly, and, her dignity forgotten, she almost ran into the house followed by Bradley, who didn't understand the cause of the excitement.

"Oh, my sakes," ejaculated Miss Tempy as they entered the kitchen, "what made him come so early? You'll have to see him first, Prissy. I've got to fix my hair."

Miss Prissy rushed into the sitting room, wheeled a chair into place, set a tidy straight, laid the photograph album exactly in the center of the table instead of two inches from the edge and patted her own hair with her hands, dodging in front of the big gilt framed mirror as she did so. Then, as a smart knock sounded on the dining room door, she assumed her "company" smile and marched sedately to receive the visitor.

It was Captain Titcomb who had knocked, and after cleaning the snow from his boots on the "scraper" he entered the house, bearing two packages wrapped in brown paper.

SICK ABED EIGHT MONTHS

After Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Could Do All Her Work and Gained in Weight

Melfort, Saskatchewan. — "I had inward troubles, headaches and severe pains in my back and sides. I was so sick generally that I could not sit up and I was in bed most of the time for eight months. A neighbor came to visit and help me as I was unable to attend to my baby and could not do my work. She told me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after taking two bottles I could get up and dress myself. I also took Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine. When I first took the medicine I only weighed seventy-eight pounds. Now I weigh twice as much. If I get out of sorts or weary, and can't sleep I always take another bottle of the Vegetable Compound. I find it wonderfully good for female troubles, and have recommended it to my neighbors. I will be only too glad to answer any letters I receive asking about it."— Mrs. WILLIAM RITCHIE, Box 486, Melfort, Saskatchewan. C

WEALTH FROM RABBIT SKINS.

Provides Employment for Thousands of Men and Women.

The man who introduced rabbits into Australia is generally supposed to have inflicted a curse upon the country, but the professional "rabbiter" blesses his name. Numbers of men up and down the country make a good living by trapping rabbits and foxes for the sake of their pelts.

Writing in Wide World Magazine, Mr. A. W. Updell says that "Bunny" provides employment for thousands of men and women, from the trapper to the auctioneer, the dyer-maker, and the fur-maker. The legend that Brer Rabbit is a pest in Australia is exploded. His fur, pound for pound, is far more valuable than wool.

Since 1911 the rabbit has enriched New South Wales alone by nearly $100,000,000. In 1923-24, the Commonwealth's share of the world's rabbit supply was 8,726,817 pounds of skins and 3,489,495 pairs of carcases. In 1925, 11,070,977 pounds of skins were exported, of the value of over $12,000,000.

Over a hundred tons of rabbit skins are handled by the Sydney stores every week from March to October, Sydney being the world-centre for rabbit-skin buyers.

Already there is a 50,000-acre rabbit farm in Tasmania, and rumors are rife of companies being formed in Australia proposing to acquire land for the express purpose of giving "bunny" a "fair go." Now that synthetic wool is being manufactured, it would not be surprising if, in addition to a cessation of sheep, apart from their food value, were to be considered a "pest."

Wireless Without Valves.

An invention which, it is claimed, will eliminate batteries and valves in wireless sets has just been sold to an American manufacturing company for $100,000 by the inventor, Dr. Palmer Craig, of the Mercer University, Georgia.

The device consists of ten thin bismuth plates piled on one another and connected by a wire which is continued to the receiving set.

It is claimed for the invention that the plates generate sufficient energy to operate the receiving set in addition to acting as amplifier and rectifier.

The complete device is only three inches long, 2 inches wide, and 1 inch thick, and makes possible a great reduction in the amount of space normally occupied by a valve set.

Sulphur, it is stated, is used to cover the bismuth plates owing to their delicate nature, but further details of the invention have not yet been divulged.

Cook's Regulating Compound

A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, $1; No. 2, $3; No. 3, $5 per box. Sold by druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Pamphlet free. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor) 23-1-y

THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

E. J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor

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Passing Under a Ladder.

The superstition that it is unlucky to pass beneath a ladder comes down the time when wrongdoers were often hanged from ladders propped against a wall where trees were not handy.

Mixed His Semaphores.

"She wanted me to have a finger in the pie, but I smelt a rat an' nipped it in the bud."

"Lor', Mrs. Jones, how you do mix your semaphores."

Weight of Your Clothes.

An average woman of the well-dressed type will wear clothes weighing a total of 3 lbs. 4¼ ozs.; her husband's attire will be something like 12lbs. 11 ozs. in weight.

Gyproc Wall Board

"Wall Plaster Casts in Sheets"

An interior finish for Walls and Partitions ready for decoration.

—For Sale by—

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Telephone 53. Napanee, Ont.

A MUNICIPAL REPORT

(Continued from page 3)

I was sure that Impy had not had time to leave the house. I inquired concerning street car lines and took my leave. After I was well on my way I remembered that I had not learned Azalea Adair's name. But tomorrow would do.

That same day I started in on the course of iniquity that this uneventful city forced upon me. I went in the town only two days, but in that time I managed to lie shamelessly by telegraph and to be an accomplice—after the fact, if that is the correct legal term—to a murder.

As I rounded the corner nearest my hotel the Afrite coachman of the polychromatic, nonpariel coat seized me, swung open the dungeony door of his peripatetic sarcophagus, dirted his feather duster, and began his ritual. "Step right in, boss. Carriage is clean—jus' got back from a funeral. Fifty cents to any"—

And then he knew me and grinned broadly. "'Scuse me, boss, you is de gen'l'man what rid out with me dat mawnin'. Thank you kindly, suh."

"I am going out to 861 again tomorrow afternoon at 3," said I, "and if you will be here I'll let you drive me. So you know Miss Adair?" I concluded, thinking of my dollar bill.

"I belonged to her father, Judge Adair, suh," he replied.

"I judge that she is pretty poor." I said. "She hasn't much money to speak of, has she?"

For an instant I looked again at the fierce countenance of King Cetewayo, and then he changed back to an exfortunate old negro back driver.

"She got wine to starve, suh," he said slowly. "She has reso'ces, suh; she has reso'ces."

"I shall pay you 50 cents for the trip," said I.

"Dat is puffickly correct, suh," he answered humbly. "I jus' had to have dat $2 dis mawnin', boss."

I went to the hotel and fled by electricity. I wired the magazine: "Adair holds out for 8 cents a word."

The answer that chme back was, "Give it to her quick, you duffer."

Just before dinner Major Wentworth Caswell bore down upon me with the greetings of a long lost friend. I have seen few men whom I have so instantaneously hated and of whom it was so difficult to be rid. I was standing at the bar when he invaded me. Therefore I could not wave the white ribbon in his face. I would have paid gladly for the drinks, hoping thereby to escape another, but he was one of these despicable, roaring, advertising bibbers who must have brass bands and fireworks attend upon every cent that they waste in their follies.

With an air of producing millions he drew two one-dollar bills from a pocket and dashed one of them upon the bar. I looked once more at the dollar bill with the upper right hand corner missing, torn through the middle, and patched on a strip of blue ribbon paper. It was my dollar bill again. It could have been no other.

I went up to my room. The drizzle and the monotony of a dreary, eventless southern town had made me tired and listless.

King Cetewayo was at his post the next day and rattled my bones over the stones out to 861. He was to wait until notice me back again when I was ready.

Azalea Adair looked paler and cleaner and frailer than she had looked on the day before. After she had signed the contract at 8 cents per word she grew still paler and began to slip out of her chair. Without much trouble I managed to get her up on the antediluvian horsehair sofa and then I ran out to the sidewalk and yelled to the coffee colored pirate to get a doctor. With a wisdom that I had not suspected in him he abandoned his team and struck off up the street afoot, realizing the value of speed. In ten minutes he returned with a great, grey haired and capable man of medicine. In a few words (worth much less than 8 cents each) I explained to him my presence in the hollow house of mystery. He bowed with stately understanding and turned to the old negro.

"Uncle Caesar," he said calmly, "run up to my house and ask Miss Lucy to give you a cream pitcher full of fresh milk and half a tumbler of port wine. And hurry back. Don't drive—run. I want you to get back some time this week."

The doctor looked me over with great politeness and as much careful calculation until he had decided that I might do.

"It is only a case of insufficient nutrition," he said—"in other words, the result of poverty, pride and starvation. Mrs. Caswell has many devoted friends who would be glad to aid her, but she will accept nothing except from that old negro, Uncle Caesar, who was once owned by her family."

"Mrs. Caswell!" said I in surprise. And then I looked at the contract and saw that she had signed it "Azalea Adair Caswell."

I thought she was Miss Adair," I said.

"Married to a drunken, worthless loafer, sir," said the doctor. "It is said that he robs her even of the small sums that her old servant contributes toward her support."

When milk and wine had been brought the doctor soon revived Azalea Adair. She sat up and talked of the beauty of the autumn leaves that were then in season and their height of color. She referred lightly to her fainting seizure as the outcome of an old palpitation of the heart. Impy fanned her as she lay on the sofa. The doctor was due elsewhere, and I followed him to the door. I told him that it was within my power and intentions to make a reasonable advance of money to Azalea Adair on future contributions to the magazine, and he seemed pleased.

"By the way," he said, "perhaps you would like to know that you have had royalty for a coachman. Old Caesar's grandfather was a king in Kongo. Caesar himself has royal ways, as you may have observed."

As the doctor was moving off I heard Uncle Caesar's voice inside. "Did he git bofe of dem $2 from you, Mis' Zalea?"

"Yes, Caesar," I heard Azalea Adair answer weakly. And then I went in and concluded business negotiations with our contributor. I assumed the responsibility of advancing $50, putting it as a necessary formality in binding our bargain. And then Uncle Caesar drove me back to the hotel.

Here ends all of the story as far as I can testify as a witness. The rest must be only bare statements of facts.

At about 6 o'clock I went out for a stroll. Uncle Caesar was at his corner. He threw open the door of his carriage, flourished his duster and began his depressing formula: "Step right in, suh. Fifty cents to anywhere in the city. Hack's puffickly clean, suh. Jus' got back from a funeral"—

And then he recognized me. I think his eyesight was getting bad. His coat had taken on a few more faded shades of color, the twine strings were more frayed and ragged, the last remaining button—the button of yellow horn—was gone. A motley descendant of kings was Uncle Caesar!

About two hours later I saw an excited crowd besieging the front of a drug store. In a desert where nothing happens this was manna, so I edged my way inside. On a much-impressed couch of empty boxes and chairs was stretched the mortal corpseosity of Major Wentworth Caswell. A doctor was testing him for the immortal ingredient. His decision was that it was conspicuous by its absence.

The erstwhile major had been found dead on a dark street and brought by curious and ennuied citizens to the drug store. The late human being had been engaged in scribbling on the details showed that. Loafer and reprobate though he had been, he had been also a warrior. But he had lost. His hands were yet clinched so tightly that his fingers would not be opened. The gentle citizens who had known him stood about and searched their vocabularies to find some good words, if it were possible, to speak of him. One kind looking creature found much thought, "When Cas was about fo'teen he was one of the best spellers in school."

While I stood there the fingers of the right hand of the man that was, which hung directly at the side of a white pine box, relaxed and dropped something at my feet. I covered it with one foot quietly and a little later on I picked it up and pocketed it. I reasoned that in his last struggle pia hand must have seized Impy's ribbon wittingly and held it in a death grip.

At the hotel that night the main topic of conversation, with the possible exceptions of politics and prohibition, was the demise of Major Caswell. I heard one man say to a group of listeners:

"In my opinion, gentlemen, Caswell was murdered by some of these no account niggers for his money. He had $50 this afternoon, which he showed to several gentlemen in the hotel. When he was found the money was not on his person."

I left the city the next morning at 9, and as the train was crossing the bridge over the Cumberland river I took out of my pocket a yellow horn overcoat button the size of a fifty cent piece, with frayed ends of coarse twine hanging from it, and cast it out of the window into the slow, muddy waters below.

I wonder what's doing in Buffalo!

VITAL FACTOR IN HOME LIFE

Music Proves to Be One of Greatest Sources of Inspiration.

Conceded to be a vital factor in Canadian home life, music proves to be one of the greatest sources of inspiration. In making reference to music, one's thought instantly reverts not only to the piano, but to the radio and the phonograph. The influence of music in family life has wrought great things, and many a friction has been soothed by the spell of melody. There is perhaps no more splendid influence exerted in keeping the young people in the home circle, with refined entertainment and amusement calling instantly from without—than that of music.

That every child in the home should be taught to play some musical instrument has been strongly advocated, and the attention now devoted to instruction in music in the schools demonstrates the value of the idea. It is during childhood that talents are often discovered, and the child's response to musical teaching frequently instills in the mind an appreciation for the finest things of life.

Music, it is claimed more than any other art, gives expression to the feeling side of our nature. In developing the musical gift of a student power is given to express the moods and compositions of the great masters. It has been truly said that music, art is not attained by the intellect methods, but by the development of a favorable artistic instinct."

One of the most beautiful features of music in the home is the power to cheer and to dispel weariness. Relaxing at the end of a day fraught with business worry, the father of the household or other members who belong to the work-a-day world, gathered around the fireside, find weariness, like a cloak, drifting away as they join in a sing-song, with other or sister at the piano. For the hour of loneliness there is a cheer in sitting in the soft glow of the softly lighted room filled with melody as the reproducing piano or the phonograph gives out a message of song.

£1,000 for Having Twins.

Mr. Dumbreck, of Tunbridge Wells, insured for £1,000 against the arrival of twins. The twins recently arrived. Mrs. Dumbreck's maiden name was Luck.

"It was just an inspiration," Mr. Dumbreck told an interviewer. "I did not want the event to happen, so I insured against it. The premium of insuring for £500, but Mr. Luck, my father-in-law, offered to pay the premium on a £1,000 policy, so £1,000 it was.

"The premium was three per cent., and the policy was against a risk of the arrival of twins or more babies. There were two conditions—that the children must be born within six weeks of a certain date, and that two babies must live for twenty-four hours.

"Inquiries were made about previous births of twins in my family—one pair can be traced among my father's relatives. The underwriters were sporting enough to congratulate me when they acknowledged my claim."

Here and There

It is estimated that 23,500,000 acres will be sown to crops this year in the West, an increase of 2,500,000 acres over 1926.

Canadians hold the record for eating eggs. The average Canadian last year consumed 337—a record according to Dr. J. H. Grisdale, Deputy Minister of Agriculture.

Tobacco-growing is flourishing in Western Ontario, and this year the acreage will likely run to 45,000 or double that devoted to the production of this plant in 1925. The crop last year was valued at $6,000,000.

One of the most powerful radio stations in Canada will be erected at Red Deer, Alberta, in the near future. Stations will be operated in Calgary and Edmonton by remote control to the main station.

New Zealand will be officially represented at the World's Poultry Congress at Ottawa, July 27 to August 4. R. W. Hawke, one of the Island Dominion's best known poultry breeders, will represent that country.

Besides the game fish hatchery which will be established by the Dominion Government in the Waterton Lakes district in Southern Alberta, a commercial fish hatchery will be established in the north. The latter will also handle certain species of game fish suitable to lake waters.

The Canadian Pacific steamship passenger traffic through the port of Saint Joan during the winter season of 1926-7 was over 40 per cent. greater than that of the previous season, and it is expected that the summer traffic through the St. Lawrence port will show a still greater increase.

The last addition to the chain of Canadian Pacific hotels is the "Hotel Saskatchewan," located at Regina, opening on May 24. It is one of the finest of the chain of a character in keeping with the importance of the capital city of the Province which furnishes 50 per cent. of the Dominion's wheat output. The hotel is 12 stories, containing 216 bedrooms with bath, and many beautiful public rooms and administative offices.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company reports from Winnipeg the marketing of grain at the present rate of 180,000 bushels daily, as compared with 123,376 for the corresponding season of last year. Manitoba's 180,000 compares with Saskatchewan's 533,000 and Alberta's 366,827. Loadings are also above last year's record with 220 cars daily.

The greater portion of the bells forming the carillon to be installed in the Victory Tower, at Ottawa, were shipped from England on May 7 by the Canadian Pacific steamship "Balfour." The carillon, consisting of 53 bells, is regarded as the finest in the world, and have been cast at the famous bell foundry at Croydon. The bells are a portion of a national memorial to thousands of Canadians who laid down their lives in the Great War.

The Province of New Brunswick is rising in importance as a farming province. The report on the fur farms of Canada just issued by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics shows New Brunswick at the head of all the provinces in the matter of the yearly gain in the number of fur farms. These increased by exactly 100 in the year ending March, 1926, nearly doubling the number of the year before and standing in the later year at 206. Prince Edward Island still leads the Dominion in the number of farms, having 570 out of a Dominion total of 2,283, the latter figure comparing with 2,130 the year before. The provinces rank as follows: Prince Edward Island, 570; Ontario 495; Quebec, 456; New Brunswick, 206; Nova Scotia, 192; Alberta and British Columbia, each 120; Manitoba, 83; Saskatchewan, 42, and the Yukon Territories, 20.

—o—

Nigerian Chief's Car.

With a brilliant green hood, blue leather upholstery, and a body painted in red-and-gold stripes, a new car has been built in England for the Emir of Kano, a Nigerian chief.

Why Not?

Mary (describing a new friend): "He's wonderful, my dear; he talks like a book."

Clara: "H'm, but can you shut him up as easily?"

A Nutmeg.

A nutmeg is the kernel of the stone inside a pear-shaped fruit that grows on trees about 25 feet high in Madagascar, off the eastern coast of Africa, also in Brazil, the Moluccas and the West Indies.

Old Friends Still Popular.

Boys are still faithful to the writers of books that pleased their fathers. In a recent ballot in England Ballantyne and Henty headed the list of the most popular authors.

Britain's Automobile Trade.

For the first time Britain exported more motor vehicles than was imported in 1926.

Iceland's Telephones.

Iceland has one telephone to every twenty-six inhabitants.

A LODGING FOR THE NIGHT

By Robert Louis Stevenson

Two famous authors have contributed to make this story in the English anthology. The choice of Booth Tarkington, Jack London, Alfred Davis Lewis and Richard Harding Davis over "A Lodging For the Night" by Robert Louis Stevenson.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

BOOTH TARKINGTON

(Continued from last week).

"You knock late, sir," said the old man in pheasant, courteous tones.

Villon cringed and brought up many servile words of apology. At a crisis of this sort the beggar was uppermost in him, and the man of genius hid his head with confusion.

"You are cold," repeated the old man, "and hungry? Well, step in." And he ordered him into the house with a noble enough gesture.

"Some great seigneur," thought Villon, as his host, setting down the lamp on the flagged pavement of the entry, shot the bolts once more into their places.

"You will pardon me if I go in front," he said when this was done, and he preceded the poet upstairs into a large apartment, warmed with a pan of charcoal and lit by a great lamp hanging from the roof. It was very bare of furniture; only some gold plate on a sideboard, some follos and a stand of armor between the windows. Some smart tapestry hung upon the walls representing the courtship of the Lord in one piece and in another a scene of shepherds and shepherdesses by a running stream. Over the chimney was a shield of arms.

"Will you seat yourself," said the old man, "and forgive me if I leave you? I am alone in my house tonight, and if you are to eat I must forage for you myself."

No sooner was his host gone than Villon stepped from the chair on which he had just seated himself and began examining the room with the stealth and passion of a cat. Then he stood in the middle of the room, drew a long breath, and, retaining it with puffed cheeks, looked round and round him, turning on his heels, as if to impress every feature of the apartment on his memory.

"Seven pieces of plate," he said. "If there had been ten I would have risked it. A fine house and a fine old master, so help me all the saints!"

And just then, hearing the old man's tread returning along the corridor, he stole back to his chair and began humbly toasting his wet legs before the charcoal pan.

His entertainer had a plate of meat in one hand and a jug of wine in the other. He set down the plate upon the table, motioning Villon to draw in his chair and going to the sideboard, brought back two goblets, which he filled.

"I drink your better fortune," he said gravely, touching Villon's cup with his own.

"To our better acquaintance," said the poet, bowing profoundly. "Seven men—the people would have been awed at the courtesy of the old master—and a fine old rogue, Villon was hardened in that matter; he had made mirth for great lords before now and found them as black rascals as himself. And so he fell to, himself to the viands with a ravenous gusto, while the old man, leaning backward, watched him with steady, curious eyes.

"You have blood on your shoulder, my man," he said.

Montigny must have laid his wet right hand upon him as he left the house. He cursed Montigny in his heart.

"It was none of my shedding," he stammered.

"I had not supposed so," returned his host quietly. "A brawl?"

"Well, something of that sort," Villon admitted with a quaver.

"Perhaps a fellow murdered?"

"Oh, no, not murdered," said the poet, more and more confused. "It was all fair play—murdered by accident. I had no hand in it. God strike me dead!" he added fervently.

"One rogue the fewer, I dare say," observed the master of the house.

"You may dare to say that," agreed Villon, infinitely relieved. "As big a rogue as walks between here and Jerusalem. He turned up his toes like a lamb. But it was a nasty thing to look at. I dare say you've seen dead men in your time, my lord?" he added, glancing at the armor.

"Many," said the old man. "I have followed the wars, as you imagine. Have you any money?"

"I have one white," returned the poet, laughing. "I got it out of a dead Jade's stocking in a porch. She was of Brisetout's parish, poor wench, and as cold as a church, with bits of ribbon sticking in her hair. This is a hard world in winter for wolves and wenches and poor rogues like me."

"Ay," said the old man, "am Enguerrand de la Feuillee, signor de Brisetout, alle du Patatrac. Who and what may you be?"

Villon rose and made a suitable reverence. "I am called Francois Villon," he said, "a poor master of arts of this university. I know some Latin and a deal of vice. I can make chansons, ballads, lais, virelais and roundels, and I am very fond of wine. I was born in Paris, and I shall not improbably die upon the gallows, I may add, my lord, that from this slight forward I am your lordship's very obsequious servant to command."

"Say rather of mine," said the knight. "My guest for this evening, and no more."

"A very grateful guest," said Villon politely, and he drank in dumb show to his entertainer.

"You are shrewd," began the old man, tapping his forehead, "very shrewd. You have learning. You are a clerk, and yet you take a small piece of money off a dead woman in the street. Is it not a kind of theft?"

"It is a kind of theft much practiced in the wars, my lord."

"The wars are the field of honor," returned the old man proudly. "There a man plays his life upon the cast. He fights in the name of his lord the king, his Lord God, and all their lordships the holy saints and angels."

"Put it," said Villon, "that I were really a thief, should I not play my life also and against heavier odds?"

"For gain, but not for honor."

"Gain?" repeated Villon, with a shrug. "Gain! The poor fellow wants supper and takes it. So does the soldier in a campaign. Why, what are these requisitions we hear so much about?"

"These things are a necessity of war which the lowborn must endure with constancy. Look at us two," said his lordship, "I am old, strong and bonored. If I were taken in my home tomorrow hundreds would be proud to shelter me. Poor people would go out and pass the night in the streets with their children if I merely hinted that I wished to be alone. You and you up, wandering homeless and picking farthings off dead women by the wayside! I fear no man and nothing. I have seen you tremble and lose countenance at a trifle. I wait God's summons contentedly in my own house, or, if it please the king to call me out again, upon the field of battle. You look for the gallows—a rough, swift death, without honor or grace. Is there no difference between these two?"

"As far as to the moon," Villon acquiesced. "But if I had been born Lord of Brisetout and you had been the poor scholar Francois, should you I have been the soldier and you the chief?"

"A thief?" cried the old man. "I a thief! if you understood your words you would eat them."

Villon turned out his hands with a gesture of infinitable impudence. "If your lordship had done me the honor to follow my argument!" he said.

"I do you too much honor in submitting to your presence," said the knight. "Learn to curb your tongue when you speak with old and honorable men, or some one hastier than I may reprove you in a sharper fashion." And he rose and paced the lower end of the apartment, struggling with anger and antipathy. Villon surreptitiously refilled his cup and settled himself more comfortably at the chair, stretching his knees and leaning his head upon one hand and the elbow against the back of the chair. He was now replete and warm, and he was in nowise frightened for his host's hospitality, which he justly as was possible between two such different characters. The night was far spent, and in a very comfortable fashion after all, and he felt morally certain of a safe departure on the morrow.

"Tell me one thing," said the old man, pausing in his walk. "Are you really a thief?"

"I claim the sacred rights of hospitality," returned the poet. "My lord, I am."

"You are very young," the knight continued.

"I should never have been so old," replied Villon, showing his fingers. "If I had not stolen them with these ten talents They have been my nurses and my mothers and my nursing fathers."

"You may still repent and amend."

"I repent daily," said the poet. "There are few people more given to repentance than poor Francis. As for chance, let somebody change my circumstances. A man must contribute out, it it were only that he may continue to repent."

"The change must begin in the heart," returned the old man solemnly.

"My dear lord," answered Villon, "do you really fancy that I steal for pleasure? I hate stealing like any other honest man. I am a coward. My teeth chatter when I see a gallows. But I must eat. I must drink. I must mix in society, of some sort. What the devil! Man is not a solitary animal—he is a social animal—like a wolf. Make me king's jester, make me abbot of St. Denis, make me bulle of the Patatrac, and then I shall be changed indeed; but as long as you leave me the poor scholar Francois Villon, I promise you, thing, why, of course, I remain the same."

"The grace of God is all powerful."

"I should be a heretic to question it," said Francois. "I am a believer in it," said Villon, "and bulle of the Patatrac. It has given me nothing but the quirk wits under my hat and these ten toes upon my hands. May I help myself to wine? I thank you respectfully, my lord. By the grace, you have a very superior vintage."

The lord of Brisetout walked to and fro with his hands behind his back. Somehow he yearned to convert this young man to a better way of thinking and could not make up his mind to drive him forth again into the street.

"There is something more than I can understand in this," he said at last. "Your words are full of subtleties, and the devil has led you very far astray, but the devil is only a very weak spirit before God's truth, and all his subtleties vanish at a word of true honor. Like Gideon's fleece. Listen to me once more. I learned long ago that a gentleman should live chivalrously and lovingly to God and the king and his lady, and, though I have seen many strange things during my life, I never command my ways upon that rule. It is not only written in all noble histories, but in every man's heart, if he will take care to read. You speak of food and wine, and I know very well that hunger is a difficult trial to endure, but you do not speak of other wants. You have totally forgotten the great and only real ones, like a man who should be doctoring toothache on the judgment day, for such things as honor and love and faith are not only nobler than food and drink, but indeed I think we desire them more and suffer more sharply for their absence.

I speak to you as I think you will most gladly understand me. Are you not, while careful to fill your belly, disregarding another appetite in your heart, which spoils the pleasure of your life and keeps you continually wretched?"

Villon was soundly settled under all this sermonizing. "You think I have no sense of honor!" he cried. "I'm poor enough, God knows! It's hard to see rich people with their gloves and you blowing on your hands. An empty belly is a bitter thing, although you speak so lightly of it. If you had had as many as I, perhaps you would change your tune. Anyway, I'm a thief—make the most of that—but I'm not a devil from hell. God strike me dead! I would have you to know I've an honor of my own as good as yours, though I don't prate about it all day long as if it was a God's miracle to have any. It seems quite natural to me. I keep it in its box till it's wanted. Why, now, look you here, how long have I been in this room, pray? Did you not tell me you were alone in the house? Look at your gold plate! You're strong, if you like, but you're old and unarmed, and I have my knife. What did I want but a jerk of your elbow and here would have been you with the cold steel in your bowels, and there would have been me, linking in the streets, with an armful of golden cups! Did you suppose I lacked courage enough to see that? And I scorned the action. There are four d——d goblets, as safe as in a church; there are you, with your beart ticking as good as new, and here am I, ready to go out again as poor as I came in, with my one white that you threw in my teeth! And you think I have no sense of honor—God strike me dead!"

The old man stretched out his right arm. "I will tell you what you are," he said. "You are a rogue, my man, an impudent and black hearted rogue and vagabond. I have passed an hour with you. Oh, believe me, I feel myself disgraced! And you have eaten and drunk at my table. But now I am sick at your presence. The day has come and the night bird should be off to his roost. Will you go before or after?"

"Which you please," returned the poet rising. "I believe you to be strictly honorable." He thoughtfully emptied his cup. "I wish I could add you were intelligent," he went on, knocking on his head with his knuckles. "Age, age; the brains stiff and rheumatic!"

"God pity you," said the lord of Brisetout at the door.

"Goodby, papa," returned Villon, with a yawn. "Many thanks for the cold victuals."

The door closed behind him. The dawn was breaking over the white roofs. A chill, uncomfortable morning ushered in the day. Villon stood and heartily stretched himself in the middle of the street.

"A very dull old gentleman," he thought. "I wonder what his goblets may be worth?"

LEGENDS OF THE MOON.

Sent to the Moon for Gathering Faggots on Sunday.

The weird man's seen on a full moon, Aesop says, known to be mountains and valleys on the face of the Queen of Night, have given rise to many quaint legends, peculiar to different countries. In certain races the man in the moon is a being who, on account of great wisdom, says a writer in the Popular Pictorial, was transferred to the moon, from which he was able to see everything that occurred. To the Chinese he is Matao, who arranges all marriages. Among the old Red Indian tribes, the medicine men received their power by depending from the middle of a lake and holding consultation with the man in the moon.

The Germans explain deals with a peasant who was reprimanded by an angel for gathering faggots on a Sunday. He replied, "Sunday on earth, or Monday in heaven, it is the same to me." For this, he was sent to an eternal Monday in heaven.

The ancient English version appears in the writings of a St. Alban's monk. Here it was Moses who found a man gathering sticks on the Sabbath, and reproved him for the same. In France, the man in the moon becomes Judas Iscariot, and the wood is a load which he must always carry as a punishment.

World's Oldest Inhabitant.

Until a census was taken in Angora recently it was believed that Zaro Agha, the Grand Old Man of Turkey, who celebrated his 154th birthday on March 31st, was the world's oldest inhabitant.

The census, however, brought to light a woman named Fatma Hanoum, who is 164 years old! She is a native of Tirnovo, and has survived all her children, though she has grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great-great-grandchildren still living.

Zaro Agha's present wife — his eleventh—was married to him when she had stated that, should she be taken from him, he would certainly consider marrying again.

Until three years ago he worked regularly, and he affirms that his life has been a happy one and that he has little to complain about. At the age of ninety-four he lost his teeth, but two new ones appeared in the lower jaw twelve years later.

The Londoner Won.

A traveller was talking of some of the great cities he had visited, and he happened to remark that London was the greatest city he knew of.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed an indignant Londoner. "I've been in a fog-city—I mean London."

"Where was that?" asked the traveller.

"I couldn't find out where it was," replied the Londoner; "it was too foggy."

A Man After His Ain Heart.

A Scotsman was recounting his experiences to a friend.

"Aye," he said, with a reminiscent sich, "I had a fine day. I spent it wi' my wife's father. He's a man after my ain heart. As soon as I arrived he opened a new bottle of whiskey and flung the cork on the fire."

A Quadroon.

A quadroon is a person, one of whose parents was a white and the other a mulatto or half-breed. Thus with respect to parentage, a quadroon is a person one-fourth black and three-fourths white.

THE RADIO IN CANADA

THERE ARE A MILLION CONSTANT LISTENERS.

Is Playing Its Part In Trade, Shipping, Forestry, Fisheries, and Farm Life — Extensive Coast Line Demands Efficient Service.

According to Government estimate there are about 300,000 radio receivers in Canada, and conservatively it is figured there are a million constant listeners. Approximately 150,000 radio receivers were licensed during the year 1926, state the Radio Branch Department of Marine and Fisheries, 15,000 more than the year before, this number representing about half of those in use. Figures of licenses issued would suggest that Ontario is the greatest devotee by a wide lead, followed by Quebec, then by the four Western provinces, and lastly by the Maritimes. This refers to all stations though the majority are private receiving stations operated by individuals.

In many of the phases of its economic life, Canada would appear to be a land specially favorable to the sphere of the radio, where its influence is greatest, its possibility of benefit widest. Its services were first licensed during the year 1916, state the Radio Branch Department of Marine and Fisheries, 15,000 more than the year before, this number representing about half of those in use. Figures of licenses issued would suggest that Ontario is the greatest devotee by a wide lead, followed by Quebec, then by the four Western provinces, and lastly by the Maritimes. This refers to all stations though the majority are private receiving stations operated by individuals.

In many of the phases of its economic life, Canada would appear to be a land specially favorable to the sphere of the radio, where its influence is greatest, its possibility of benefit widest. Its services were first licensed in existence in Canada for some time before the advent of radio was hailed enthusiastically, it was generally adopted throughout the land and rapidly came to permeate every phase of life. It is playing its part in trade, shipping, forestry, farm and fisheries, has linked civilization with the yet untamed places of the Dominion and been a further factor in developing the existence of the pioneer agriculturist.

Licensed stations in the Dominion are distributed as follows: 4 broadcasting, 50; direction finding stations, 8; beacon stations, 28; commercial ship station, 252; limited coast stations, 5; public commercial stations, 5; private commercial stations, 59; private commercial broadcasting stations, 55; land public commercial stations, 16; radio-telegraph training schools, 9; experimental stations, 37; amateur experimental stations, 174, 486.

Canada's extensive coast line demands an efficient radio service; 48 coast stations have been established on shore to communicate with ships at sea. The coast station system consists of two chains, one extending the Vancouver to the Alaska border on the Pacific, and the other from Port Arthur to the Atlantic Ocean in the east. The primary aim of the coast station installations is to provide facilities whereby any ship within 500 miles of the Canadian coast can establish instant contact with shore. Constant watch, twenty-four hours a day, is maintained at practically all the stations, these handling about 2,000,000 words a year.

These stations give general aid to navigation, communicate with ships in distress, and in addition several of them on both coasts and the great lakes broadcast information to navigators covering weather forecasts, position and nature of dangers to navigation, etc. Urgent information, such as hurricane warnings, is broadcast immediately on receipt, while coast station reports all passing ships communicated with, giving names, dates, and time, this information being published in the public press and published'in the daily press. Thirty-three of these stations handle commercial traffic to and from ships.

The coast system is naturally of invaluable aid to fishermen and the fishing industry in general. More than one life has been saved by radio as part of its precaution against forest fires, keeping rangers in constant touch with each other and with head quarters. Planes are fitted with radio enabling them to communicate information at any time to the ground. Several of the larger pulp and paper companies have similar communication between different parts of their limits and between the mills and the headquarters. Prospectors and mining men in the newly-opened northern fields are in ready communication with the outside world through the medium of radio. The Mounted Police posts and isolated trading posts of the subarctic regions are linked up with both the larger Canadian centres, not only increasing their efficiency but considerably reducing the rigors of their existence. In general, the effective manner radio has come to play a large part in all phases of Canadian frontier life.

Probably the most widespread revolution the radio has wrought in Canada, however, had been in the farming districts. The reports of farmers issued in Western Canada are striking, and this factor coming on top of the Government improvement of provincial roads and the universal use of the automobile has altogether changed the existence of the agricultural settler as it was but a few years before the war. The only drawback from which the Western farmer might be said to have suffered in the first, if indeed it can be termed, was his remoteness from the populous centres. To-day he is in touch with the world. Market reports and facilities are at his command. Modern pioneering has been robbed of all its terrors.

Canada has been progressive in advance of other countries in its institution of a section of the Radio Branch to combat local interference. Government depots for this purpose have been established at Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Montreal and Halifax, and these are equipped with automobiles fitted with special instruments and apparatus. When radio fans are troubled by interference they get in touch with the nearest Government radio inspector's office, and register their complaint. He will get in touch in a car to locate the source of the interference and, if possible, to correct it. This department's work has met with very great success.

Slayes.

There are stated to be 3,000,000 human beings still held in slavery.

Gypsy Superstitions.

Gypsies are very superstitious, particularly in their belief in ghosts. They believe that so long as the possessions of a dead gypsy remain intact, his ghost will visit them and ill-luck and misfortune will dog the camp. They never utter the names of the dead, and for a long time after a death they will not eat or drink anything that was a favorite of the departed. On the day after the funeral all the clothes and other belongings are solemnly burned, and then all the crockery and utensils are broken and thrown into the nearest running water. Sometimes even the horse of a dead gypsy is destroyed.

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Take Notice.

That the Wednesday Half-Holidays for the 1927 season start on Wednesday, June 15th, and continue to and including August 31st, 1927, Stores close at 12 o'clock noon.

Napanee Chamber of Commerce.

25-d

Mr. A. E. Paul has purchased the house recently occupied by Mr. Storms and will thoroughly repair it.

Mr. E. O. Ungar has purchased the lot on the corner of Dundas and Robert streets from Mr. Fred Perry.

Finest Separator Oil, that won't freeze or gum up your machine, 25c. a quart at Wallace's. Why pay more?

The members of the Napanee Golf and Country Club will hold a dance in the Club House on Friday evening, May 27th. A full Orchestra will be in attendance.

Mr. Bert Seymour has purchased the residence on Robert street, which is now occupied by Mr. Knight, the druggist, and expects to move into his new home in the near future.

George Burgoyne, who was arrested last week in Ottawa on a charge of stealing money from his employer, Mr. Kearns, was sentenced to six months in the Ontario Reformatory.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union will hold their regular monthly meeting in Grace S. S. room, Tuesday May 31st, at which the reports of the County Convention, held in Trenton, will be given.

Mr. F. J. Nesbitt, of Spruce Lake, Sask., and Mr. A. E. Nesbitt, Chicago, who are visiting their parents, at Newtonville, Montreal, were in Napanee on the 17th, to call on their sister, Miss Nesbitt, of the Robinson Co.

The first degree team of Argyll Lodge, I.O.O.F. accompanied by a number of the members of the Lodge, paid a fraternal visit to Madoc on Wednesday evening last, where they exemplified the first degree and were well entertained by the members of the Madoc Lodge.

The Attorney Generals Department has circularied its officers throughout the Province in reference to the Derby Sweep Lottery, said to be under the auspices of the Army and Navy Veterans' Association of Quebec. This is an illegal lottery and the public is warned against purchasing these tickets, as prosecution will follow in any cases that come to the attention of the officers.

Word was received in Napanee the past week, announcing the sudden death in Watertown, N.Y., of Mrs. J. Kennedy after a brief illness. The late Mrs. Kennedy, who was in her 52nd years, will be remembered by many Napanneans as Marie Huff, she having been born in the township of South Fredericksburg and spending a number of years in Napanee where she was a musician of exceptional ability.

At a special meeting of the Town Council on Monday evening a by-law was passed to construct a permanent pavement on Bridge street, from Centre street to Robert street. The paving of other parts of Bridge street was left in abeyance for the present. Mr. C. M. Wilson appeared before the Council stating that the property owners on the block from Robert to West street were not in favor of constructing a pavement on that block.

"Finally, be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous. Not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing, but contrariwise, blessing, knowing that ye are thereunto called that ye should inherit a blessing for he that will love life, and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from all evil and his lips that they speak no guile. Let him eschew evil and do good; let him seek peace and ensue it.

Must I go and empty handed,
Must I meet my Saviour so!
Not one soul with which to greet Him,
Must I empty handed go?

A BIBLE LOVER.

GRAPEFRUIT.

Grow In Clusters of From Six to a Dozen.

The name of the big cousin of the orance and lemon is a standing puzzle to many, for it does not resemble the grape, it doesn't look like a grape, and there is nothing about its taste to suggest the flavor of a grape. But if you ever see a cluster of them growing in Florida or California, the puzzle is solved. Dr. Frank Thone tells us in Science Service. Unlike virtually all other citrus fruits, the grapefruit globes appear in clusters of from six to a dozen, bending down the branches on which they grow, and looking rather like bunches of pale yellow grapes multiplied about 15 or 20 diameters.

There is only one proper way to eat grape fruit, and that is to cut it as little as possible, and then only the moment before you eat it. Nothing ruins the bitter principle is released into the juice. Grapefruit should be chilled whole, cut in two with a sharp knife immediately before service, relieved of its seeds with a fork, and then hurried to the table. Handling in this way will in most cases obviate the necessity of using sugar and thus enable one better to enjoy the real grapefruit flavor.

PERSONALS

Dr. and Mrs. Beatty and Mrs. Laughland were in Toronto a few days last week.

Mr. Fred Mitchell, Cranbrooke, B.C., is visiting his sister, Mrs. D. Gray, Roblin.

Mrs. Archer has returned from Rouyn, Que., where she spent a month with her husband.

Mr. Arch Carscallen, Tamworth, accompanied Mr. W. A. Grange to Europe.

Miss Margaret Walker, who recently arrived from England to visit her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Simpson, will occupy the Fites house on Piety Hill for the summer.

Mr. Chester Brown, one of Napanee's aged residents, is confined to his home. He is 92 years of age.

Mrs. Cameron Wilson is visiting her father in Oshawa.

Mr. Jim Daly, Upper Canada College, and Geo. Daly, Toronto University, are spending the holiday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Daly.

Miss Lulu Mills, Oshawa, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Mills, Morven.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Phippen, Conway, returned on Saturday, after spending several weeks in Western Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sharp are spending the week in Toronto.

Miss Alma Wales returned from Toronto on Sunday to spend the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Wales.

Mrs. R. H. Kienzle, of Syracuse, N.Y., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Greene.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Currie, of Grand Rapids, Mich., on their return trip from the South, spent a couple of days with his sister, Mrs. G. S. Davis, South Napanee.

Mrs. Lailey, Toronto, is the guest of her sisters, Misses Helen and Constance Grange.

Mrs. J. W. Robinson and Miss Georgie Robinson are spending ten days at Scranton, Pa.

Mr. Clarence Scott, Walkerville, spent the holiday the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Loucks and Mrs. Dan Loucks are in Watertown for the holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Lott and Master Donald Caton are in Toronto for the holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gibbs and family, Hamilton, are guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter King.

Messrs. Jas. and Wm. Carr are home from Toronto for the holiday.

Mrs. Will Frizzell, North Bay, is visiting her mother, Mrs. W. H. Meagher.

Clifford F. Smith, Odessa, received his M.D.C.M. in the results of the medical faculty of Queen's University announced on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Thompson, who have been residing in Buffalo for the past five years, have returned to Roblin to reside.

MARRIAGES

White—Ellis—At Grace church parsonage, on Saturday, May 21st, 1927, by Rev. W. P. Woodger, Herbert White, of South Fredericksburg, to Minnie May Ellis, of Napanee.

DEATHS

Dingman—At North Fredericksburgh, on Friday, May 20th, 1927, Mrs. Nancy Dingman, aged 92 years, 2 months.

Gordanier—At Ernesttown, on Tuesday, May 17th, 1927, J. W. Gordanier, aged 71 years.

Harrison — At Napanee, on Monday, May 23rd, 1927, Lewis Harrison, aged 89 years, 20 days.

HOW WE GOT COCOA.

World's Production Is Now 495,881 Metric Tons.

In 1526, Hernando Cortez, the famous Spanish explorer, sailing home after his expedition to Mexico, brought back with him some beans of the cocoa tree. From these beans chocolate was prepared after the Mexican manner, and this may be said to have been the beginning of the popularity of cocoa and chocolate in the Old World.

In the seventeenth century it was introduced into Italy, and later into France and Germany. Owing to its high price, it was only accessible to the wealthy.

Chocolate first found favor in England in the time of the Commonwealth, when aristocracy began to drink it as a luxury. In those days coffee-houses were fashionable gathering places, and this led to the opening of chocolate houses, the first being started by a Frenchman in 1657 in Queen's Head Alley, Bishopsgate street, London.

The growth of the demand for cocoa is clearly demonstrated by the figures relating to its production in the Gold Coast, the world's largest cocoa-growing area. The first shipment of cocoa thence was in 1891, the quantity being 80 pounds, and its value £4. In 1878 there was no cocoa tree in the Gold Coast; to-day it is computed there are over 180,000,000. Of the world's production in 1925 British areas provided over one half, the amount being 291,522 metric tons out of a world total of 495,381 metric tons. But in consumption America takes first place, followed by Germany. Britain ranks third.

Punishing the Profiteers.

Grocers who make too much profit are now penalised by the Paris police, who debar the offenders from showing their wares on the pavement outside their shops.

Dog Not Clean.

No dog is clean in the mouth, according to a medical specialist, who condemns the practice of even holding a pet animal near the owner's face.

Golf Courses.

Canada has one golf course for every 19,393 inhabitants; in the United States there is one for every 25,793 persons.

"Lingerie Week" at Robinsons'

Starts Friday, May 27th, and Concludes Thursday, June 2nd

Facts Concerning Milady's Lingerie

'Tis true, in so far as Underwear is concerned, "The Formality of the Roaring Nineties" has passed completely. To-day underwear styles must be so perfectly fashioned, so faultless in fit, that they create a perfect foundation for outer garments. With modern women "style" has completely supplanted the formality of other days. Underwear fashions must be in complete harmony with the prevailing modes of the season. With the spotlight of the world now turned to the field of sports, and with sport wearables the accepted theme in all the marts of fashion, it naturally follows that Sport Styles should be the dominant note in Summer Underwear Fashions.

"Lingerie-Week"

"Nothing but the Best" is the motto in our Lingerie Departments. Hence, the creations of our best Canadian Mills will be found displayed in our departments. Best from the standpoint of value, as well as "Best" from the standpoint of Quality and Style. Our present collections are all-inclusive featuring most desirable wearables for the June bride's trousseau, for gift purposes and for all year round wear.

We Invite Your Inspection

"Lingerie-Week"

Has been especially created by this Store for the express purpose of demonstrating the new Underwear Fashions for the prevailing Season, to acquaint our customers with the new silken and cotton fabrics that are considered the mode, to introduce the beautiful new colorings, and to convince you that we are in an admirable position to serve you advantageously from every viewpoint.

We Invite Your Inspection

Rayon Silk Lingerie

Attractive New Styles. Fashionable New Colors.

There are naturally many reasons why Rayon Lingerie is beloved by women. The most fastidious delight in its soft loveliness and beautiful finish. Over its smooth surface, frocks slip easily and hang in their charming, graceful lines as originally created. "Rayon" Lingerie is a delight to wear. It feels so cool and soft, so comfortable, and is of such smart appearance that it has become a favorite with women who value distinction. Rayon is a silknit fabric of fine texture, made in a locked-stitch way. It is strong and sturdy, and will give excellent service. It is most easily laundered and retains its fine, shimmering appearance after repeated washings.

Our Summer collections include the smartest creations of The Harvey Knitting Co., The Ontario Silknit Co., Griffin Lock Knit, Lennard Knit, Nova Silk.

Rayon Costume Slips, $2.75, $3.00, $3.25 and $4.25 each.
Rayon Gowns and Pyjamas, $3.00, $3.25, $3.50, $3.75, $6.00.
Rayon Bloomers and Stepins, $1.50, $1.79, $2.00, $2.50, $2.75, $3.00.
Rayon Vests, 98c., $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00.
Predominating colors are: Pongee, Peach, Apricot, Sunni, Nile Green, Flesh, Mauve, June Rose, Sunset, Sand, Navy and Black.

Knitted Lingerie Combinations, Vests and Bloomers

A large Range of Styles to choose from.

HARVEY COMBINATIONS, TAILORED TO FIT

Summer weight fine cotton combinations in Opera or round neck, finished with tublar bandings, tight or umbrella knee style. Sizes 38, 40, 42. Prices range $1.25, $1.50 each.

PEERLESS COMBINATIONS

In ribbed white cotton, low neck, tublar top and tight knee. Price 75c.

Extra out-size combinations in ribbed white cotton, round neck, short or no sleeves, umbrella knee. Price $1.50.

VESTS

"Harvey" tailored mercerized lisle Vests, round neck finished with plain banding, price $1.25 each.

Harvey "Opera" top Vests in plain lisle, finished with beading top, insertion shoulder straps. Price 65c., 75c. each.

"Cumfy Cut" plain lisle Vests, tailored tops, size 38, 40. Prices 50c., 60c.

"Cumfy Cut" fancy stripe effect in white cotton, tailored fold on armholes and neck, durable and easily laundered. Sizes 38, 40. Prices 35c., 39c. each.

"Cumfy Cut" style in plain knit cotton, finished with tublar banding. Sizes 38, 40. Prices 29c., 35c. each.

"Opera Top" Vest in Swiss ribb cotton, finished with beading top. Sizes 38, 40. Price 29c. each.

"Opera Top" Vests in outsize and extra outsize, plain knit cotton, finished with tailored top, ribbon shoulder straps. Price 50c., 75c. each.

Extra outsize fine lisle Vests, round neck, tailored finish, short and no sleeves. Price $1.00 each.

Extra outsize, plain knit cotton Vests, round neck, tailored or beaded finish, no sleeves, 50c. each.

"Silk Stripe" Vests in fine cotton, round neck, tailored finish, colors Flesh, Peach, Helio, White. Size 38, 40. Prices range 35c., 39c. each.

BLOOMERS

Extra large size Bloomers in good quality Balbriggan, double gussett, extra strong elastic at waist and knee. Sizes 46, 48, 50. Colors Pink, Helio, Peach, White. Price 69c. pr.

Outsize "Penman's" Balbriggan Bloomers, with double gussett, colors Pink, Peach, White, sizes 42, 44. Price 59c. pr.

"Silk Stripe" Balbriggan Bloomers, with gussett, strong elastic, colors Peach, Helio, Pink, White. Sizes 38, 40. Price 50c. pair.

Harvey plain lisle Bloomers, with gussett, gathered at waist and knee on strong elastic, White only. Sizes 38, 42. Price $1.00, $1.25 pair.

CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR

Vests, in ribbed knit cotton, round neck finished with beading or tublar banding, no sleeves; beading top with short sleeves, sizes 1 to 12 years. Prices range 25c. to 35c.

Vests in plain lisle, with low neck, finished with tailored top, no sleeves, sizes 6 to 12 years. Prices 35c., 50c. each.

Infant's button front and Reuben style Vests in cream cotton summer weight, with long sleeves. Price 50c. each.

Infant's bands in Cream cotton, reinforced with tape, Price 39c. each.

Balbriggan Bloomers in fine quality, extra strong elastic at waist and knee, colors Black and White, Price 50c. pair.

Children's knitted summer waists, reinforced with tape, round neck, extra support for garters. Sizes 2 to 12 years. Price 50c. each.

Five Big Specials for Lingerie Week

You will Save by buying your Summer Supply now

WOMEN'S BALBRIGGAN BLOOMERS, SPECIAL, 39c. PAIR

10 dozen Penman's Balbriggan Bloomers, easily laundered, medium weight, with gussett. Colors Peach, White, Flesh. Strong elastic at waist and knee. Sizes 40, 42. Extra value, 39c. pair.

WOMEN'S VESTS, SPECIAL, 25 CENTS

Swiss ribb cotton Vests, "Cumfy Cut" style, finished with beading and tape at neck. Made so the shoulder straps always stay in place. Two sizes, 38, 40.

WOMEN'S OPERA TOP VESTS, SPECIAL 35 CENTS

Large size Opera top Vests, knit in ribbed stitch of soft white cotton. Tape forms shoulder straps and top is finished with beading and draw tape. Large size, 42 only.

CHILDREN'S BALBRIGGAN BLOOMERS, 25 CENTS PAIR

"Penman's" Balbriggan Bloomers, good quality, medium weight for summer wear, colors Peach, Flesh, White. Gathered at waist and knee on elastic. Sizes 6 to 12 years.

ODD LINES OF WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR HALF PRICE

Odd lines and sizes in Women's and Children's Underwear, including Vests, Bloomers, Combinations. Marked to clear at Half Price.

Summer Underwear for Men and Boys

When a man buys underwear at our store, he buys unconsciously the very utmost of comfort and satisfaction. He buys underwear that is faultlessly styled, that is accurately cut and styled, that is glove-fitting, that represents honest to goodness value for the money.

These extras are very apparent to the man who sits all day behind the wheel of his car, or at his office desk, when he sinks the last put in the eighteenth stroke, we feel confident that we can fit and please you. Step in and choose your requirements early.

Hot Summer days are coming, days when a man wants cool, comfortable underwear. From the various good makes that we green or even when lounging about the house. Our underwear will never cause a man a moment's worry.

MEN'S HATCHWAY is remarkably satisfactory, is made from a splendid washable quality of checked Nainsook. Sizes from 34 to 50.

MEN'S BALBRIGGAN COMBINATIONS, these are the famous Zimmerknit make. Knit from two thread yarns. Obtainable in long sleeves and ankle lengths, short sleeves and ankle length, short sleeves and knee length. Sizes from 34 to 50.

MEN'S TWO-PIECE BALBRIGGAN, obtainable in either Zimmerknit or Oxford make. Both lines are of superior quality, that are guaranteed to give dependable service. Sizes from 34 to 50.

BOYS' HATCHWAY, is as popular with the boys as it is with Dad. Same good quality. Sizes 24 to 32.

BOYS' BALBRIGGAN COMBINATIONS, round and V neck styles. Come in short sleeves and knee length, regulation Zimmerknit qualities. Sizes from 22 to 32.

BOYS' BALBRIGGAN UNDERSHIRTS, Oxford and Zimmerknit grades. Comes in short sleeve styles. Sizes from 2 2to 32.

Two Specials for Underwear Week

No.1—Boys' Balbriggan Drawers, knee length and Boys' Balbriggan Shirts, long sleeves. Nearly all sizes in drawers and only odd sizes in the shirts. Regular 50 cent grades, Sale Price 25 cents per garment.

No.2—Men's two-thread Balbriggan Combinations, short sleeves and knee length, short sleeves and ankle length, long sleeves and ankle length. Regular $1.25 lines for $1.00 per suit. These lines are on sale only during Underwear Week.

Canadian Department-Stores Limited
Store No. 10
Successors to
THE ROBINSON CO. Limited